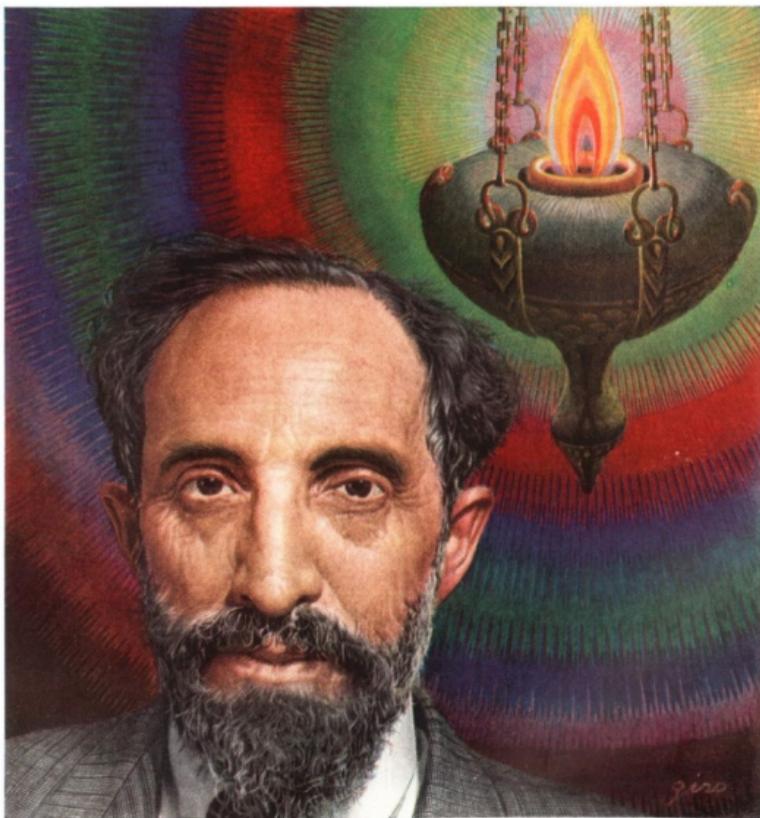


TWENTY CENTS

OCTOBER 15, 1951

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



RABBI FINKELSTEIN

The Days of Fear are over.

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by Value?

Then drive the Nash Statesman Airflyte—largest, roomiest car at anywhere near its price! With comfort and convenience features none but Nash offers—plus economy of more than 25 miles per gallon at average highway speeds.



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So tune in to *our* good turn for the day—a suggestion for every businessman and operator keen for more figure production with less nervous strain and fatigue.

Get Monroes. There's a model to meet every need.

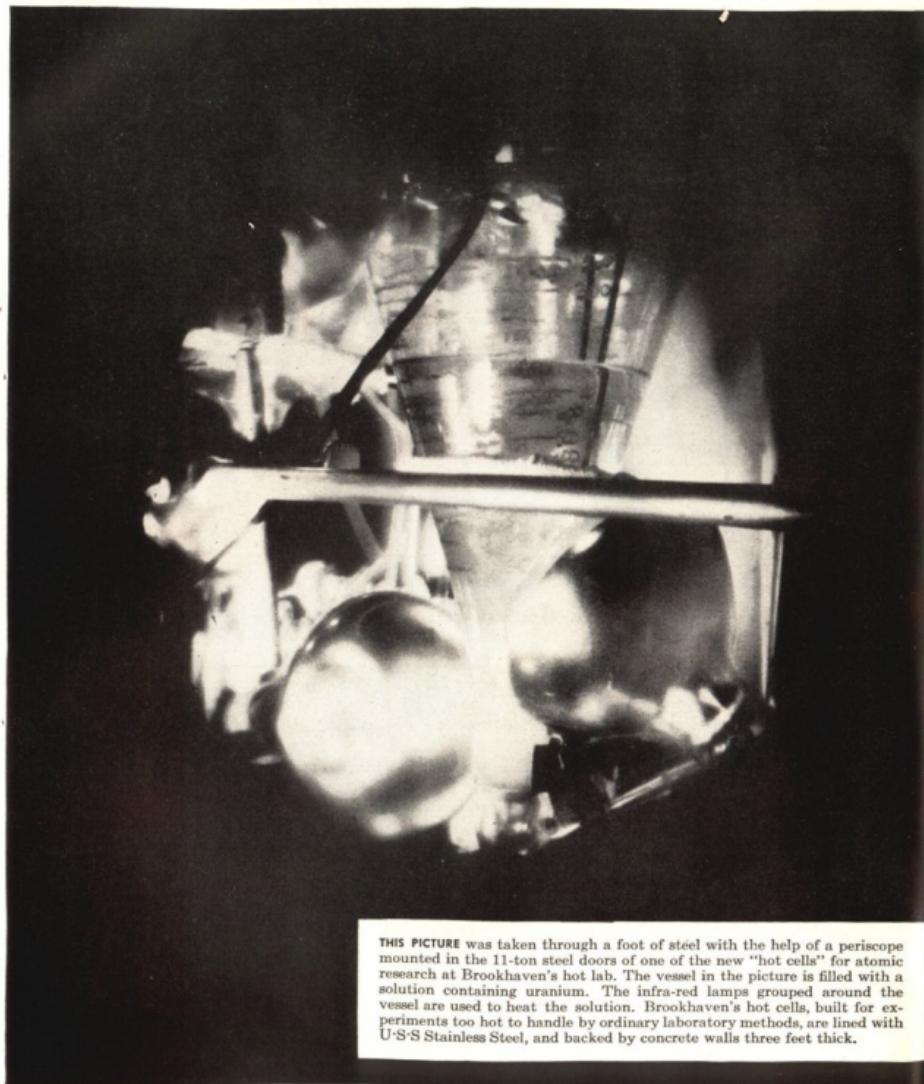
And every Monroe is faster, more efficient, more economical.

Now it's *your* turn to give your operators and yourself a break. Call your Monroe man today.

MONROE MACHINES FOR BUSINESS

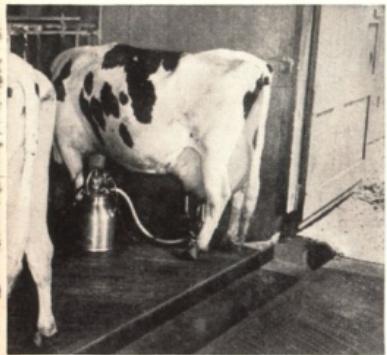
Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., General Offices, Orange, N. J.

Only STEEL can do so many



THIS PICTURE was taken through a foot of steel with the help of a periscope mounted in the 11-ton steel doors of one of the new "hot cells" for atomic research at Brookhaven's hot lab. The vessel in the picture is filled with a solution containing uranium. The infra-red lamps grouped around the vessel are used to heat the solution. Brookhaven's hot cells, built for experiments too hot to handle by ordinary laboratory methods, are lined with U'S'S Stainless Steel, and backed by concrete walls three feet thick.

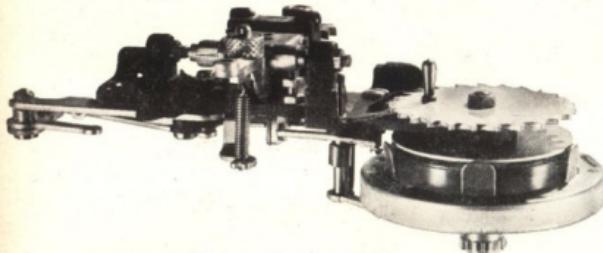
jobs so well



YOU'D BE SURPRISED how many products of United States Steel are used in a modern dairy barn. To name just a few: Universal Atlas Cement for durable floors; National Pipe for water lines and cowstalls; Stainless Steel for milking and milk-storage equipment; and frequently, steel roofing and siding for the barn itself.



EVER WONDER how they get those new cars 'way up there on those big auto trailers? Here's how . . . by the use of steel loading skids. These steel skids must be strong enough to support the heaviest cars. And although 12 feet long, they must be light enough for one man to handle. That's why many of them are made of strong, weight-saving U-S-S COR-TEN Steel, one of the famous high-strength steels made by U.S. Steel.



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LETTERS

Above Politics

Sir:

Even though a lifelong Republican with a yearning for a change in the present Federal Administration, I am disturbed over plans being laid by certain Republicans of brass-hat level to pressure General Eisenhower into giving up his present European responsibilities and accepting the Republican presidential nomination. The planman is, in my opinion, could do no greater disservice to the country.

As a purely political move, it is granted that the nomination of the general would be a knockout . . . [But] General Eisenhower is now engaged in European work of tremendous importance to the safety of this and other non-Communist countries . . . his weight is needed in Europe to facilitate the prevention, through preparedness, of a third World War which would have consequences too terrible to contemplate . . . No political aspirations on the part of others should take the general from his work.

Let's keep Ike in Europe! It would be interesting to know how other readers of TIME feel.

RAYMOND H. SMITH

Mount Vernon, N.Y.

Bipartisan Moral Policy

Sir:

Most of the Republican Party and Republican press are making Democratic morality—or the lack of it—a major campaign issue.

Yet that party and that press are parties to a conspiracy of immorality . . . that makes the Democratic RFC shenanigans look like

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME INC., at \$40 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1942, at the Office of Postmaster, Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.00. Plans—annual, 1 yr., \$1.50; 2 yrs., \$2.50; 3 yrs., \$3.50. Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For subscriptions sent to military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

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ANSWER—Because Dodge builds cars around people! There's plenty of stretch-out leg room . . . lots of hip and shoulder room . . . with head room for all, back or front! Wide Dodge seats are "knee-level" for relaxed day-long riding comfort.



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ANSWER—Because you could actually pay up to \$1,000 more for a car and still not get everything Dodge gives you—the smoothness of the new Oriflow Ride, the extra roominess, the wide, wide-opening doors, the smart styling and interior beauty, the famous dependability of Dodge! Prove Dodge extra-value for yourself by spending just 5 minutes with your Dodge dealer. It may be the most profitable 5 minutes you've ever spent. Be sure to see him today!



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No three words ever meant so much to so many people...

I Want You

...SOON FROM SAMUEL GOLDWYN

peanuts: I refer to the continued immorality that is McCarthyism . . .

A Bipartisan Moral Policy is in order.
HARRY MARGOLIS
The Bronx, N.Y.

The Clever Chinese

Sir:

I accept the cliché about the cleverness of the Chinese as fact, and I am prepared to believe a really ingenious forger capable of almost anything, but I simply do not credit your story [TIME, Sept. 24] that "many of the money orders were small, and the amounts were often changed by clever forgers, e.g., \$1.37 to \$1.379.44." Any such tidy kiting of U.S. Postal Money Orders is completely outside the realm of possibility, inasmuch as the absolute maximum value of each one is \$100.

JASON LINDSEY
Hollywood

¶ Reader Lindsey is right. Above \$100 the kiting was done on U.S. Treasury checks.—ED.

That Payton Person

Sir:

A large bouquet to the writer responsible for "Manners & Morals" [TIME, Sept. 24], and a faint slap on the wrist to TIME for lending importance to the matrimonial (there is a better word) tag matches that distinguish a certain layer of Hollywood society. Tone, Payton and Neal, like "That Gardner Girl," might best be left to their petty problems . . .

JOHN W. DOWNS JR.
San Diego

Sir:

. . . Seldom have the frailties of human nature and the acceptance of alley-cat morality been more humorously chronicled.

KERMIT HABER
New York City

Sir:

. . . The finest piece of tongue-in-cheek writing I've seen in many a moon.

GEORGE B. ROSS
University City, Mo.

Sir:

. . . It's exquisite!

LES BARNARD
Nashville

Sir:

I appreciate the satire . . . but must you waste so much space on so trivial a subject in these days when there is so much to be written on subjects of real interest?

IRVING F. ANDERSON
Hopewell, Va.

Sir:

Why don't the authorities in Hollywood just abolish marriage . . .? At the same time they could issue "Mutual Admiration Cards" to those others who desire something to take the place of wedding rings or marriage certificates . . . In this way Hollywood could still have its fun and games and the sanctity of marriage might not be so exposed to ridicule as it now is.

R. C. QUITTENTON
Arvida, Quebec

Sir:

Come now, TIME, quit teasing and let's get on with the show. Re the Tone-Neal-Payton isosceles—what was Lord Coke's Rule in Shelley's Case?

THEO. SLADE
Chattanooga, Tenn.

¶ Sir Edward Coke (1552-1634), first to be called Lord Chief Justice of England, was only 27 when he pleaded and won "Shelley's Case," the most celebrated in English real-property law.



The Doctor looks at Diabetes

It is estimated that there are one million people in our country who have diabetes . . .

Their chances of living happy, useful lives are better today than ever before. In fact, life expectancy for the average diabetic is now double what it was before the discovery of insulin.

Moreover, the outlook for still further gains against this disease is good, as medical science is constantly improving the treatment for diabetes. New types of insulin, for example, have made possible better control of this condition. Hope for future progress lies in current research on insulin and on utilization of food by the body.

Doctors say, however, that successful control of diabetes more than ever depends largely upon the diabetic himself, who must understand his disease in order to learn to live with it. Above all, he must co-operate closely and faithfully with his physician in keeping *insulin, diet, and exercise* in correct balance.

Today, the patient who carefully follows the doctor's instructions about these three essentials of treatment—as well as other measures to maintain good health—can usually look forward to many years of happy living.

Doctors stress the importance of learning the symptoms of this disease. They are: *excessive hunger, excessive thirst, excessive urination, continual fatigue, and loss of weight*. Although these symptoms may indicate *well-established diabetes*, prompt and proper treatment can usually bring it under control. Indeed, many patients live as long with diabetes as they would be expected to live *without it*.

However, there are a great many people in our country who have diabetes, but **do not know it . . .**

This is because the disease usually causes no obvious early symptoms. Yet detection is easier today than ever before. For instance, it is now possible for anyone to make a simple test at home to detect sugar in the urine—one of the signs of diabetes.

This test is also a routine part of most medical examinations. If the test is positive, the doctor can then make additional tests to determine whether the presence of sugar is due to diabetes or some other condition.

Authorities urge everyone—particularly those who are *middle-aged, overweight, or who have diabetes in the family*—to have a check-up for diabetes included in regular physical examinations. In this way, the disease can be discovered early when the chances of successful control are best—often by diet alone. It is especially important for those who are overweight to be on guard against this disease, as studies show that 85 percent of diabetics over age 40 were moderately or markedly overweight before the onset of the disease.

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1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 1151T, "Diabetes."

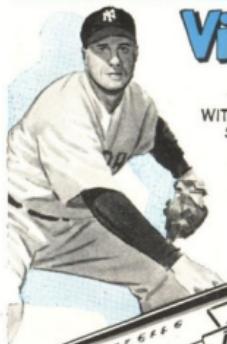
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Vic Raschi

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* YOU LOOK YOUR BEST and feel it too when you shave with super-keen Gillette Blue Blades. Ask for them in the handy Gillette Dispenser that ZIPS 'em out presto and has a special built-in compartment for used blades!

look SHARP! feel SHARP! be SHARP! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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Its doctrine did not originate with this case, but was so ably pleaded that it became known as the "Rule in Shelley's Case." What it did, in effect, was to punch a loophole through an old legal wall by making it possible for an heir to dispose of an estate at his own discretion (within reasonable limits) instead of holding it perpetually at the disposal of his heirs.—Ed.

Epistle to a Cantabrigonian

Sir:

The difficult and fine distinctions drawn between Oxford and Cambridge by Norman St. John-Stevens [TIME, Sept. 24] are for the most part accurate . . . However, I suspect that the good Cantabrigonian had little to do with English letters or natural science while rusticking or ruminating at either place, for he would not have said that Oxford has the edge in poetry, nor would he have failed to recognize the distinction of Cambridge in the field of science. Can Oxford possibly match Spenser, Marlowe, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, Byron, Coleridge . . . or Bacon, Harvey, Darwin?

But to follow through on a very sticky wicket, here is an extension of the delicate differences between the two Ancient & Honourable Universities as observed by an American [and Cantabrian], Oxford: Scotch whisky, Parliament, Press & Pulpit, Beautiful men, Boyish women, Refined brilliance, Many good country girls or American Cambridge. Audit, Ale, Poetry, Pubs & Privacy, Handsome men, Many women, Rough genius, Many lusty city girls or Continentals . . .

QUENTIN KEITH, M.A. (CANTAB)
Captain, U.S. Army

Fort Monmouth, N.J.

Editorial Copyright

Sir:

The *Last Supper* was Leonardo da Vinci's, and the Spitfire was Reginald Joseph Mitchell's, circa 1900-1937. Subsequent tampering, even for a decade, by Joe Smith [TIME, Sept. 24] will never alter the identity of the designer of the fateful interceptor.

W/C RODERICK I. A. SMITH
R.C.A.F.

Toronto, Ontario

¶ Wing Commander Smith is right in defending Reginald J. Mitchell's claim to the major credit for the Battle of Britain's great Spitfire. Joe Smith, who succeeded Mitchell as chief designer of the Supermarine company when Mitchell died in 1937, was chief draftsman throughout the Spitfire's development period.—Ed.

Bulls I Have Known

Sir:

The Wall Street Bull picture [TIME, Sept. 24] is unfair, misleading. It indicates that the bull is fearsome, dangerous. Not so. A bull is dangerous or not, according to his horns. Without fighting horns, he is not a fighter . . . The bull shown in your picture has a badly bent horn. He can't fight. Have no fear of him. He couldn't scare a Jersey heifer.

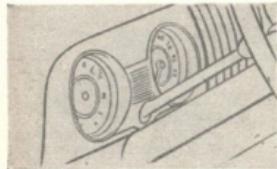
RICHARD B. HUMPHREY

Dallas

Monophysitism

Sir:

Your footnote to the Sept. 24 article on the Vatican makes the statement that "Roman Catholic theologians believe that the



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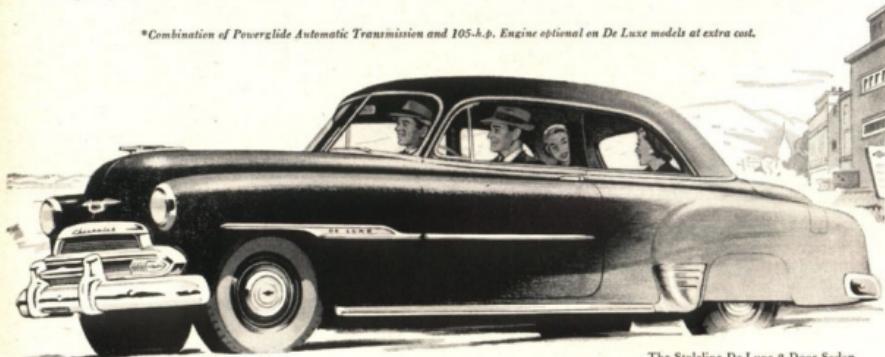
*engine? . . . the reassuring safety of
Jumbo-Drum Brakes? . . . the
clean, free sweep of wide curved
windshield, with Panoramic Visi-
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What you want in a motor car, Chevrolet has . . . the luxury look of its staunch Body by Fisher . . . the luxury ride of road taming Knee-Action . . . the luxury feel of Center-Point Steering, so perfectly "in balance."

And where else could you find, at anywhere near the price, the thrilling responsiveness of valve-in-head

The wonderful way this car looks, rides, and handles confirms the deep-down quality that is a Chevrolet tradition. You'll know, from the very first mile you drive, that this is America's largest and finest low-priced car. See your Chevrolet dealer now. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

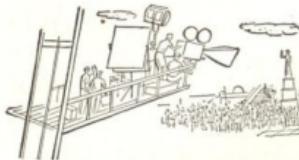
*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and 105-h.p. Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.



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illustrated is dependent on availability of material.)

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THE STORY BEHIND

Quo Vadis

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

20,000 spectators crowded a huge amphitheater in Rome to see a spectacle no living man had ever seen before. As the flags flew to honor a Roman holiday, a giant of a man paced the sandy arena and watched as they tied a lovely girl to the stake. In cages beneath the stadium, more than 60 savage lions and seven enraged fighting bulls awaited release.

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In "Quo Vadis", ancient Rome lives once more...Nero's banquet, the triumphal procession, and the awe-inspiring burning of Rome contrast sharply with the tender love story of a young Roman general and a beautiful Christian hostage.

To make "Quo Vadis" demanded years of planning, 115 massive sets, a cast of 30,000 actors, an entire studio moved to Rome for the actual filming of the picture.

Only the giant motion picture screen could bring you such spectacular splendor; only Technicolor could do justice to its beauty; only M-G-M would dare undertake a project so stupendous.

In the words of Life and Look Magazines, "Quo Vadis" is "The most colossal movie ever!" Soon it will have its World Premiere—and it is destined to be an unforgettable event!



We would like to send you a 24-page booklet telling the entire fascinating story of the production of "Quo Vadis", illustrated with full-color reproductions of actual scenes. For your free copy, write "QUO VADIS", Box 976, G.P.O., New York, N.Y. Please enclose 10¢ to cover postage and handling.

Monophysite theory can lead to the destruction of the very basis of Christianity... Not only Roman, but all orthodox Christianity—Eastern, Anglican and Protestant as well—follows the Council of Chalcedon in rejecting Monophysitism.

(THE REV.) A. M. SHERMAN JR.
Allentown, Pa.

Sir:

In reference to the heresy of Monophysitism, I enclose the poetic commentary entitled "Hunger Requires Bread," which expresses the Catholic point of view . . .

*Why should He multiply these loaves for men,
Those who were hungry?*

*Why not destroy hunger?
Or simply make man never to yearn again,
Never dread dawn or fear the darkness
longer?*

*He did not say, We hunger not and need
Not then be filled. Rather, I am not
the first.
Nor am I, but only One of you to bleed
With the paradox of thirst, to cry, "I
thirst!"*

*He shared, in pity of the multitude,
Not loaves alone, but man's Gethsemane.*

NORBERT ENGELS

South Bend, Ind.

Electric Frenchman

SIR:

TIME'S TRIBUTE TO COMMANDER IN CHIEF DE LATRE AND FRANCE RESURGENT [SEPT. 24] EVOKES IN THE BREASTS OF PEOPLE WHO COUNT FREEDOM FIRST SOMETHING OF THE EXALTATION THAT ELECTRIFIED AMERICAN AUDIENCES DURING WORLD WAR I WHEN "THE MARSEILLAISE" RANG OUT . . . TODAY LET'S EQUIP FRANCE'S MACARTHUR TO CONSOLIDATE HIS TREMENDOUS GAINS TOWARD ENDING WORLD CHAOS.

NORMAN F. D'EVELYN

SAN FRANCISCO

Faint Praise

SIR:

In your Sept. 10 issue, the reference to "Sophocles Varezelos, a bridge-playing, bumbling, well-intentioned Little Man" leaves me baffled. Do you mean that you're for him or ag'in' him? I thought, at first reading, that you were trying to damn him with faint praise; then I wondered if you might not be trying to praise him with faint damns. Surely even a Liberal ought to have good intentions; and what does bridge-playing indicate in a politician, except maybe a liking for bridge? And when you say that he humbles . . . what is it that you wish to convey? Does he hum like a bee, cry like a bitttern, bungle, blunder, bustle, or muffle?

ROBERT MACCOLL ADAMS

Austin, Texas

¶ Personally a "good guy" with good intentions and reasonable opinions, Varezelos is one of the world's best bridge players. But as a political leader he has been largely ineffectual, i.e., a bumbler.—Ed.

Tin-Scan Alley?

SIR:

I do not think much of your verse of David and Bathsheba [TIME, Sept. 10]. It is extraordinary, Americans never seem to write verse that scans. This is better:

David was a general, Uriah was a sub.

David saw Uriah's wife washing in her tub.

David sent Uriah to a front line trench

And Uriah stopped a hand grenade, so

David got the wench.

J. E. OUSELEY WALKER

Kilquade, Ireland

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Chicago

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The reason? It's because they've found a way to cut their inventory to a minimum!

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Whenever they need parts to keep production lines moving, or merchandise to keep shelves stocked, they get them overnight or sooner—with Air Express!

Whatever *your* business, you can profit by inventory control via the world's fastest shipping service. Here are its unique advantages:

IT'S FASTEST—Air Express gives the fastest, most complete door-to-door pickup and delivery service in all cities and principal towns, *at no extra cost*.

IT'S MORE CONVENIENT—One call to Air Express Division of the Railway Express Agency arranges everything.

IT'S DEPENDABLE—Air Express pro-

vides one-carrier responsibility all the way and gets a *receipt upon delivery*.

IT'S PROFITABLE—Air Express expands profit-making opportunities in distribution and merchandising.

For more facts call Air Express Division of Railway Express Agency.





Mary's whining was not but a sign of a

The doctor's check-up and his prompt treatment

We seldom think of a child suffering from a heart condition. Yet rheumatic fever frequently leaves its victims with permanent heart damage.

Warning signs to watch for in children are general lassitude, vague stomach-aches, or other discomforts that parents are apt to shrug off as "growing pains." There is something wrong if a child tires too easily, if a child is on edge, whining and complaining frequently without provocation.

Behavior changes or complaints like these could be signs of rheumatic fever. No parent can afford to ignore such warnings. Only your doctor can accurately diagnose such symptoms. He can tell you, after a brief examination, whether your child

is suffering from rheumatic fever or some other disorder.

Beware of well-meaning advice

Neighbors are always sympathetic when illness strikes, and they often try to help by recommending a remedy. Never follow such well-meaning but often dangerous suggestions. When your child has persistent signs of illness, see your doctor—it will cost you less in the long run.

Recent discoveries and developments in hormone drug therapy have given today's physician a completely new outlook on the treatment of rheumatic fever. For example, doctors have found that the use of these new hormones in treating

Physiologic Therapeutics Through Bioresearch For Longer Useful Living





just bad temper serious illness

found the cause

prevented permanent damage

children often results in remarkable over-all relief, if used in time. Today, many children who have been treated by a physician are leading normal lives free of pain.

Guard your family

If something seems to be wrong, make an appointment today to take your child to the doctor. Let him look the child over, make simple tests, if necessary, tell you what to do to keep your child healthy. He can quickly put your mind at ease, if you let him. Nothing is more valuable than good health—and keeping it is a responsibility you owe to yourself and every member of your family.

Let the doctor decide

Today, all of medicine's amazing recent discoveries in diagnostic procedures, treatment and new drugs are at your doctor's command.

The Armour Laboratories is proud of its share in the development of many of these drugs. ACTHAR (A.C.T.H.-Armour), one of the most effective of these new hormone drugs, represents the results of many years of research by Armour scientists collaborating with leading investigators in the field of medicine. ACTHAR is available to you through your doctor. He may, or may not, find you need it. But you'll feel better, stay better, if you let him decide. See your doctor regularly.

The Armour Laboratories

Sole producer of ACTHAR (A.C.T.H.—Armour). Since 1885, pioneer manufacturer of sutures and pharmaceuticals prescribed by the medical profession—notably THYROID, INSULIN, LIVER PREPARATIONS, and PITUITARY HORMONE PRODUCTS.

How to cut your worries



by
Dale Carnegie

author of "How to Stop Worrying
and Start Living"

The best formula I ever heard of for stopping worry goes like this:

1. Find out precisely what the problem is that is making you worry.
2. Find out the cause of the problem.
3. Do something constructive *at once* about solving it.

I know there's nothing startling about this approach—but it works!

Most worries are caused by money problems

Chances are, if you apply the first two rules of the formula, you'll find that your main problem is a financial one. Two-thirds of our worries are about money—and if we could just solve most of them, we'd have very little to worry about.

Perhaps you think your financial worries would end if you could just increase your income by 10 per cent. This is *not* true in most cases. What really causes most of us to worry is a lack of knowledge about how to manage the money that we have.

So I suggest a budget. It can give you a sense of material security—which helps to bring emotional security and freedom from worry.

Budgets make it easier to save

Once you're living on such a budget, you may well find you can set aside that 10 per cent of your salary—the amount of the increase you thought you had to have to get along. You'll probably find that you have enough left over to buy more life insurance which will take care of many financial worries—such as building a cash reserve to meet emergencies, for you and your family.

—DALE CARNEGIE



DALE CARNEGIE, author, lecturer, columnist—and one of America's best-known authorities on human problems—is one of the famous contributors to the series, "How To Cut Your Worries"

How Life Insurance helps cut down worries

Life insurance is especially helpful in overcoming worry. A well-planned program of life insurance can help to increase your peace of mind by making sure you will have funds available to meet specific problems when they arise.

Why not discuss your particular situation with your Massachusetts Mutual agent? He'll be glad to visit you in your home or office. Ask him to explain our exclusive "Design For Security" service which provides the dollars-and-cents

answers to many of your personal financial problems. You'll find our representatives have been especially trained to show you how to get the most from your life insurance . . . with a flexible program to meet your changing insurance needs.

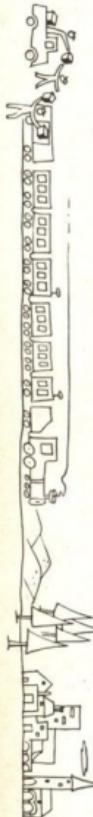
Providing life insurance programs of "planned flexibility" for people with many different kinds of problems has been our job for over 100 years. Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Massachusetts Mutual

Owned by its policyholders—operated for them

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader



Each week thousands of railroadmen, truck drivers and pilots are at their jobs around the clock to speed TIME to a newsstand conveniently near you. Recently, we asked one of our Midwest correspondents to interview one of them—a St. Louis truck driver—to give us a closer look at one of the many people who handle newsstand copies of TIME in transit. He was 45-year-old John Deibel, a senior highway pilot for the Consolidated Forwarding Co. If your copy of TIME this week came from a newsstand in the St. Louis area, it was hauled from Chicago by Deibel.

On Wednesday afternoon, Deibel jockeyed his shiny orange tractor #684 against the big trailer at Consolidated's Chicago transfer garage. He motioned toward the trailer loaded with 2,350 copies of TIME.

Explained Deibel: "When I come in they say, 'Get going, Johnny, you got the magazines.' That means, 'Keep pushing it along, Johnny, and don't stop to beat your gums on the road.'"

There is good reason for the professional pride which shows through Deibel's curt shop talk. He wears a red C.C.C. badge above his visor for his twelve-year safety record. He's proud too (but wears no badge for it) of his regular, five-year-long assignment to haul TIME. TIME's schedules are known to be so tough that 48 trucking companies from coast to coast use their TIME contracts to get other fast-delivery business.

Out of Chicago, Deibel's first stop was at Chenoa, Ill. at Steve's Café. "Best steaks on Route 66," he claims, with the truck driver's air of finality about such matters. There he had time for his meal, no time for trivial talk. A short distance behind him rolled another Consolidated truck, with a "straight load"—goods without such a demanding time schedule. If #684 were to break down, they would switch trailers and the other driver would haul TIME to St. Louis. It hasn't happened yet.

Behind Johnny and the whole system are other precautions which backstop the delivery of TIME. Each issue is printed in plants in Los Angeles, Chicago, Philadelphia, Paris, Honolulu, Tokyo and Havana (where we just recently began printing the Latin American Edition). If deliveries from one printing point are endangered, other points can come to the rescue. And, of course, copies can be shifted back & forth among newsstands and local distributing centers. In emergencies, extra copies have been flown to disaster points to avoid delays in delivery. When virtually all forms of land transport were bogged down by the July floods of the Kansas River, copies were rerouted around the flood area by an ingenious truck and train system—and got to subscribers and newsstands with minimum delay.

While Driver Deibel was on the road, 127 other trucks were hauling other newsstand copies of the U.S. Edition. More than half, however, of the total newsstand supply were delivered by Railway Express, frequently using crack passenger trains. Meanwhile, a few thousand newsstand copies were being flown to posts in Canada and Alaska and pilots were flying copies of the Latin American, Atlantic or Pacific Editions to six continents and over five seas to all the far-flung places where TIME is read.



JOHN DEIBEL



Cordially yours,

James A. Linn

**No
other
hat**

is

"SELF-CONFORMING"



Only Resistol has it!

THE BIG DIFFERENCE is in the exclusive construction of the leather which allows the leather to conform to the shape of your head comfortably—fit perfectly—without distorting the hat's original smart style lines.

Styled by Harry Rolnick,
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The "PACE-SETTER"

\$10.

Others to \$40.

RESISTOL

"SELF-CONFORMING"

The Most Comfortable Hat Made

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Factories: Garland, Texas — Newark, New Jersey



How to put your future under lock and key

A college education for Johnny . . . the house of your dreams . . . retirement. You have a controlling hand on the future when you have Savings Bonds, insurance and securities in your safe deposit box. And chances are your bank's vault and your private safe deposit box are locked by YALE . . . the utmost in quality, protection and service.



ILLUSTRATED IS A YALE TUBULAR LOCK

For your home . . . you want the maximum security that any lock can give — and that means YALE. With people who own the finest homes and most valuable possessions . . . see how often their choice for security is YALE. Extra dependability, rugged construction and finer performance make YALE locks and hardware a *lasting* value for a new home.

Giving you a and a better

Everywhere...every day...Americans are enjoying the benefits of Yale & Towne products...

YOU SLEEP better knowing your valued possessions are safeguarded . . . your mind is easier because Yale & Towne products help make you and your belongings more secure.

And you live better . . . because the Materials Handling Divisions of Yale & Towne make powerful hoists and industrial trucks for lifting, moving and stacking. Workers are relieved of muscle-straining jobs . . . accomplish more in fewer man-hours. Handling costs are lowered on food, clothing and numerous things important to your health and comfort . . . and vital to our military strength.



-and it all began with a key!

ILLUSTRATED IS YALE ELECTRIC WORKSAVER



HE WAITS ON THE LADY WHO WAITS ON YOU

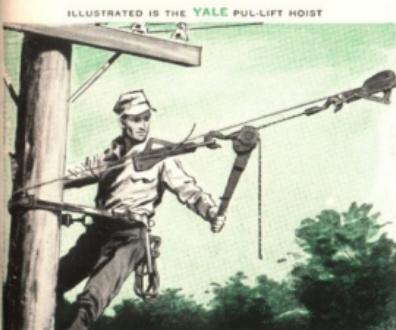
Giving you a wide selection of products and sizes means department store warehouses must carry large inventories. But handling stock is simplified by trucks like the YALE ELECTRIC WORKSAVER. It operates in crowded areas, lifts and carries up to 6000 pounds. Widely used by leading retailers including Macy's, Carson-Pirie-Scott & Co.; and Famous-Barr.



sounder sleep at night... breakfast each morning!



ILLUSTRATED IS AUTOMATIC SKYLIFT ELECTRIC TRUCK



THEY PULL WIRES IN YOUR BEHALF

The ingenious tool this lineman is using, the YALE PUL-LIFT, figures importantly in bringing electricity into your home. Because the PUL-LIFT helps keep power lines in A-1 condition, you're assured of electric current for your lights, washer, refrigerator. The PUL-LIFT also does many hoisting and pulling jobs in factories, garages, on farms.

To keep your sunny side up!

It takes mountains of eggs, coffee and fruit juices to get America off to the right start in the morning. And it takes AUTOMATIC SKYLIFT Electric Trucks to save time, money and work in bringing foodstuffs to you. This truck moves up to 4,000 pounds...stacks it gently, safely...reduces damage...saves up to 75% in handling costs...so you pay less for many foods you buy.

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YALE, AUTOMATIC, NORTON, SAGER, BARROWS, TRI-ROTOR



You can't "Miniature" a Pilot

THE cockpit of today's jet fighter is small, jam packed with instruments. And pilots come full size.

Yet, the trend is to pack into that cockpit more and more electronic equipment—the eyes, ears and voice of the plane. Something had to give and it couldn't be the pilot. You can't cut him down to size.

So, the Armed Forces mapped an all-out campaign to miniaturize electronic equipment . . . gain badly needed space in planes, tanks, ships, submarines. And they called in makers of electronic equipment to do the job.

A major problem was the extreme heat built up in miniature equipment—heat intensified by hermetic seals to keep out moisture.

Mallory development of the Tantalum Capacitor—designed and built to reduce capacitor size and to withstand temperatures up to 400 degrees, Fahrenheit—helped beat the heat.

Applied to a vital military problem, Mallory's electrochemical engineering skill paid off.

This same basic ability builds long life, top performance into the Mallory capacitors so widely used in radio and television sets and in industrial electronic equipment of every kind.

As a manufacturer, it may pay you to see how Mallory precision products, research and engineering in the fields of electrochemistry, electronics and metallurgy can be used to improve your product . . . lower your costs.

MALLORY

SERVING INDUSTRY WITH THESE PRODUCTS:

Electromechanical • Resistors, Switches, Television Tuners, Vibrators
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P. R. MALLORY & CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS 6, INDIANA



The Ray Millards at home with their magnificent Magnavox American Traditional AM-FM radio-phonograph with 20" TV.

A priceless heritage for your children with

Magnavox

TRUE appreciation for great music and entertainment usually comes early in life—or not at all. The child who grows up in a Magnavox home meets masterworks at their best...magnificent reproductions with the realism of the living performance! Keen eyes delight to the finer detail, improved

contrast and steadier images delivered by the exclusive Magnascope Big-Picture System. Magnavox owners, including many of the entertainment world's best judges, boast of the rich timbre, fuller range and superb tone of famed Magnavox sound. You'll find perfect styling, the right wood and finish for

your home in the wide range of heirloom-quality cabinetry offered by Magnavox. And Magnavox values are without equal! Only America's finest stores are selected to sell Magnavox instruments. Consult your classified telephone directory. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.



THE AMERICAN TRADITIONAL (also shown above). AM-FM radio-phonograph accommodates Magnavox twenty-inch TV now or later. Rich mahogany finish.

the magnificent

Magnavox
television - radio - phonograph

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Fall Fever

In Washington last week, that eminent scientist, Dr. Vannevar Bush, was called to the telephone by a reporter who wanted guidance on what the new Russian atomic-bomb explosion meant. "I'm listening to the World Series, as you should be," retorted the doctor hurriedly. He added, politely: "Giants ahead, six to nothing, and hung up. Once more the U.S. celebrated the seven days of the long lunch hour, the surreptitious telephone call, the quick office bet, and—to feverish New Yorkers—of the hunt for the ducat, the pasteboard, the seat at the game. **BASEBALL FEVER**, the sports pages dutifully reported, GRIPPED THE COUNTRY.

The U.S. had seldom got the fever so acutely or fallen so wildly in love with one team. The Giants' astounding last-second playoff victory over Brooklyn threatened to make the World Series itself an anticlimax. But it also captured the nation's imagination, and when the Giants' Monte Irvin stole home in the first inning of the first game (see SPORT), the Series was suddenly exciting too.

Television brought the games to the biggest baseball audience ever. In Denver, which not only saw its first Series but its first TV, the Series was a sensation. Eighty sets, installed in the lobbies, private suites and show windows of the Brown Palace and Cosmopolitan hotels, drew such crowds that police were forced to throw up barricades to keep them in control. In Chicago, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, New York and dozens of other big cities, TV watchers were almost as excited—they clotted up around dealers' show windows, jockeyed cunningly for position at bars, ate with their eyes upraised in restaurants which had video screens. In Boston, even a bank—the Statler Branch of the Second National—installed a set. It got crowds too, and the tellers had a hard time keeping their eyes on the money. Wall Street traders followed the games, although stocks were at their highest levels in 20 years.

Los Angeles never used to get excited about the World Series. This year sales of TV sets boomed, and traffic was tied up. Church advertising for Sunday morning was up 20% in an effort to meet the competition. When Sunday's game was called off on account of rain, one preacher said: "I would call it an act of God."



Dodley Brumbach—Cleveland Plain Dealer
CLEVELAND WORLD SERIES FANS WATCHING STORE WINDOW TELEVISION

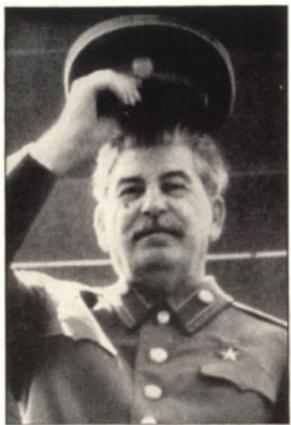


Associated Press
THE BATTLEFIELDS: YANKEE STADIUM AND THE POLO GROUNDS (IN BACKGROUND)
In Denver, cops & barricades; in Boston, rooting tellers.

Big Ones & Little Ones

White House correspondents, watching a pressroom TV set while the New York Giants battled the Brooklyn Dodgers, got a special summons to the office of Presidential Press Secretary Joe Short. Short looked gravely through his spectacles, and began reading from a paper before him. "Another atomic bomb has recently been exploded within the Soviet Union," he read. "This event confirms again that the Soviet Union is continuing to make atomic weapons . . . Further details cannot be given without adversely affecting our national security interests."

The Hint. Three days later, a *Pravda* reporter got further details from Joe Stalin himself. Asked the reporter: "What is your opinion of the hubbub raised recently in the foreign press in connection



ATOMIST STALIN
New ability?

with the test of an atom bomb in the Soviet Union?" Replied Stalin: "Indeed, one of the types of atom bombs was recently tested in our country. Tests of atom bombs of different calibers will be conducted in the future as well." He repeated the Communist propaganda line that the Soviet Union stands for outlawing atomic bombs. Most Russians do not know that the U.S.S.R. has wrecked all plans for international atomic disarmament and control by refusing to agree to international inspection of atomic plants; since 1947, the U.S. has offered to share its atomic science with the United Nations on the basis of strict inspection and control.

The U.S., which had gone into a flap when the first Russian bomb was exploded two years ago, accepted the news of Bomb No. 2 for what it was worth. The atomic pundits speculated that the blast had gone off some time within the last month, were surprised that it hadn't come sooner. By now, they estimated, Russia may have

stockpiled between 20 and 100 bombs. Stalin's reference to "different calibers" was taken as a hint that Russia, too, was on the trail of tactical atomic weapons.

Stalin had hardly spoken, before a House Appropriations subcommittee released testimony by Chairman Gordon Dean of the Atomic Energy Commission that U.S. tactical atomic weapons are "already here." AEC is working on "atomic artillery shells, guided missiles, torpedoes, rockets and bombs for ground-support aircraft, among others . . . big ones for big situations and little ones for little situations," said Dean. "Given the right situation, and a target of opportunity, we could use an atomic bomb today in a tactical way against enemy troops in the field, without risk to our own troops."

Third Force. In a speech at Los Angeles, Dean eloquently broadened the concept. "Millions of people throughout the world . . . have feared that the only two alternatives left to mankind are gradual submission to persistent Communist encroachment . . . or atomic obliteration . . . We now have the third possibility of being able to bring to bear on the aggressor himself—at the place of his aggression . . . a firepower that should cancel out any numerical advantage he might enjoy . . . If we can prevent all-out war by means of our strategic capability, and stop these endless nibbling aggressions with our tactical capability, we will have done much to bring stability and a sense of security back to an uneasy world."

THE CONGRESS

A Few Plain Words

Illinois' Senator Paul Douglas knows the political risk of discussing racial tension. But last week, after a Cook County grand jury failed to indict Cicero, Ill., race rioters, and indicted instead the lawyer for a Negro mob victim, Douglas spoke a few plain, courageous words.

"What we need in this country, my own state included," he said, "is a greater realization that the interests which all of us have in common are far greater than the points of difference between us. This is true for Democrats, Republicans and Independents, for the native-born and the foreign stock, for the Catholics, Protestants and Jews, for Northerners, Southerners and Westerners, and for the black and white as well. All of us are inheritors of our American traditions. We cannot ignore [conflicts of interests]. But I ask that we meet them with understanding, not with hate; with orderly procedures, not with mob violence."

REPUBLICANS

Announcement Expected

Robert A. Taft this week was about ready to announce that he is a candidate for the Republican presidential nomination. The stage was set. Ohio's Republican Central and Executive Committee was prepared to follow the lead of Wisconsin G.O.P. chiefs in urging Taft to run. Taft-

men Dave Ingalls and Ben Tate, who have been surveying Republican sentiment around the country, are ready to report a clear call for Taft. By next week, Taft's hat may be officially in the ring.

FOREIGN RELATIONS "Never Considered"

Flanked by two State Department aides and equipped with bundles of evidence, Ambassador Philip C. Jessup sat down last week before a Senate Foreign Relations subcommittee. The narrow question before the committee was: Should he be confirmed as a member of the U.S. delegation to the U.N. General Assembly?

Actually, he was there for two other reasons. First, to defend himself against the noisy charges of Senator Joe McCarthy that Jessup had an "affinity for Com-



ATOMIST DEAN
New stability?

munist causes." Secondly, he was there, as a stalwart Administration policymaker, to defend the thesis that U.S. policy has always been right.

Incisively, Jessup cut to pieces most of the McCarthy charges. Jessup had been associated with Communist Angel Frederick Vanderbilt Field; for a while, these two shared isolationist views. After Hitler invaded Russia, Field switched with the Communist line and Jessup remained a staunch America First isolationist right down to Pearl Harbor. This fact was a far stronger indication of Jessup's essential non-Communism than his earlier association with Field was an indication of Communism.

In his testimony, Jessup also undertook to answer a charge by Harold E. Stassen that Jessup had once favored U.S. recognition of Communist China.

Stassen recalled a conference of experts on the Far East called by the State Department that he attended in October

1949, where, he said, Jessup told him that "the greater logic" was on the side of giving diplomatic recognition to the Chinese Communists.

In trying to refute this, Jessup made one of the most startling statements in all the recent reviews of U.S. Asia policy. He said: "The United States has never considered recognition of Communist China"; it was therefore "inconceivable" that he could have made the remark attributed to him by Stassen.

The Record. This might be a quibble: the U.S. is an abstraction and cannot consider anything; only men can consider. But certainly the U.S. Congress, press and public were led to believe that many of the men in charge of U.S. policy had at least "considered" recognition of Red China—as they were in duty bound to do. It would be damaging to the State Department if the public believed what Jessup seemed to say: that the department had never given a thought to a policy that was adopted by Britain, the closest U.S. ally.

The record showed that State was not as careless as Jessup made it out to be.

In January 1949, George Kennan, then the top State Department policy planner, made a flat prediction to a *TIME* correspondent: "By next year at this time we will have recognized the Chinese Communists."

On May 17, 1949, the *New York Times'* Benjamin Welles reported from London that "the United States and British governments have agreed to coordinate their policies toward eventual recognition of the Chinese Communist regime"

In October 1949, Lincoln White, State Department press officer, said that the U.S. had begun talks on recognition of Communist China many months previously. He added: there would be further conversations in the future with all the nations interested in diplomatic relations with a Chinese government of unquestionable authority.

In December 1949, Secretary of State Dean Acheson told a *TIME* correspondent: "What we must do now is shake loose from the Chinese Nationalists. It will be harder to make that necessary break with them if we go to Formosa." On the same day, another high State Department source told the same correspondent: "Acheson has been steadily arguing with Truman to go along on an early recognition of Communist China. Just before Truman left for Key West, Acheson got him to admit the logic of early recognition. Truman said that Acheson had made a forceful case. The trouble now isn't with Truman, but in persuading him to override the pressure from congressional and other groups not to recognize."

Continued Pressure. The pressure inside the department for recognition of Red China continued right down to the Chinese invasion of Korea in October 1950, and there is some evidence that it continued even after that.

Jessup's bland effort to show that he and others never entertained the idea of recognizing Red China is a continuation



John Zimmerman

PHILIP C. JESSUP
Eyes on the post.

of a monumental State Department project: an attempt to rewrite the department's private history so that it will read better in the light of current events. This effort, undoubtedly influenced by the climate of McCarthyism and the 1952 election, would be hazardous at any time; it is worse than that today, when the U.S. should be looking to the future.

Congress not only has the right, but the duty, in any year to inquire into the past policies and judgments of men such as Jessup, nominated for positions of power and trust. To date, Philip Jessup has lacked the courage to admit that he and the Administration were wrong—which even Henry Wallace has done.



Lisa Larsen—Life

JOHN FOSTER DULLES
Shut off from the future.

Reward for a Triumph

One day last April, John Foster Dulles was flying toward Tokyo and Douglas MacArthur, just fired by Truman, was on his way home. As the planes passed each other, the two architects of the Japanese peace communicated from plane to plane. MacArthur's *Hiawatha* message to Dulles: "Carry on with the peace."

Last week John Foster Dulles, who engineered one of the most important diplomatic maneuvers ever undertaken by the U.S., was moving toward the sidelines of the U.S. policymaking field. He had not been fired, like the other builder of peace in Japan, but he had been quietly eased out of a position in U.S. policymaking.

In March 1950, Dulles was given the job of building the Japanese peace treaty. Here was a specific policy objective, surrounded by formidable hurdles, to be reached as rapidly as possible. The first hurdles were in Washington. The State Department was not very clear about what kind of a treaty it wanted. The Pentagon dragged its feet because it did not see how a treaty could be written that would not endanger U.S. use of Japan as a base, especially with the Korean war going on. Dulles achieved Washington agreement on the kind of a treaty the U.S. wanted; then he tackled the U.S. allies.

A Solid Phalanx. Australia, the Philippines and some other nations wanted a treaty more severe on Japan. The U.S. wanted a Japan able to stand on its feet and contribute to the stabilization of Asia. One of the most dangerous conflicts was with Britain. Shortly after Herbert Morrison became Foreign Secretary in March 1951, the British government thought that Japan should not recognize the Chinese Nationalist government in Formosa as the government of China. Dulles flew to London. He tried to persuade the British to let Japan decide for itself which Chinese government to recognize. The British cabinet first decided not to go along on this basis, later reversed its decision.

Dulles then flew to Tokyo, got Japanese agreement, and was brilliantly successful in subsequent negotiations with the governments of Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines.

When the Russians decided to attend the San Francisco conference on the Japanese treaty, they did not know how successful Dulles had been. The Kremlin probably hoped to reopen old cleavages among the anti-Communist allies. By keeping his eye on the main objective and by scrupulously attending to every detail, Dulles created a solid anti-Communist phalanx at San Francisco, and the Russians suffered a humiliating diplomatic defeat. The State Department got much of the credit.

A Partisan Crack. The U.S. is faced with other challenges that require the kind of work Dulles did on the Japan treaty. Germany is one such case; the Middle East is another. Dulles was given no new assignment of this kind. Instead,



George Stoddard—LIFE
JOSEPH SHORT
A Greek chorus.

Harry Truman offered him the post of ambassador to Japan, not a policymaking job. Dulles declined (as he had said earlier that he would).

The day after Dulles called at the White House, Harry Truman spoke of the visit at his press conference. The President said that Dulles had declined the ambassador's post because he felt he must stay in America and save the Republican Party from isolationism. Dulles answered this partisan crack with a calm statement indicating that the President had not correctly given Dulles' reason for turning down Truman's offer. Said Dulles: "As regards the Republican Party, I do not share the President's concern. The Republican Party is not isolationist, and I see no danger that it will become so."

THE PRESIDENCY Embarrassing Half Hour

Harry Truman last week decided to turn his regular Thursday press conference into one of his attacks on "newspapers and slick magazines." The half an hour session was very embarrassing—but not for newspapers and slick magazines. And not for Harry Truman, who is often blissfully unaware of whether his foot is in his shoe or his mouth. The victims were Truman's staff, whose unenviable lot it is to stand holding their breaths in dread of what the 32nd President of the U.S. may say next.

He began by reading a prepared statement in defense of his order (TIME, Oct. 8) to Government officials for greater secrecy in matters of military security. He had scarcely begun reading when he broke in to say that a survey by Yale University found "95% of all our [Government] information was public property." He then laid down the two conflicting principles that are present in every debate over the release of military information: 1) nobody can seriously argue that military secrets

should be made public; 2) on the other hand, he did not want military secrecy to be made a cloak for withholding information about the Government which the people had a right to know. Truman's prepared statement made sense—on its face. Government officials must take the responsibility of saying in each case whether military security outweighs the public right to information. This responsibility carries with it a grave and difficult duty for the Government to play fair with press and public.

Peculiar Restatement. As soon as he had finished reading, Truman began contradicting the main point of his statement and showing how far he was from playing fair. He made a peculiar and sensational restatement of his remark about 95% of Government information being public property. On the second round, he said that 95% of the Government's information classified as secret has been revealed by newspapers and slick magazines, and that is what he was trying to stop.

Asked for examples, Truman gave some. The outstanding case, he said, was the publication (in January 1949) by *TIME* of a map showing atomic installations in the U.S.

TIME promptly issued a statement that all the information on the map came from Truman's Atomic Energy Commission, that the AEC had cleared the map in final form and had been so pleased with it that AEC ordered 500 extra copies for distribution. It was also a fact that Harry Truman, in person, later cleared essentially the same map as part of a *MARCH OF TIME* film.

Truman's next example was the publication by many newspapers of American city maps with arrows pointing to key points which were prime bombing targets.

Several newsmen present knew that these maps had been distributed to the press by Truman's Civil Defense Administration.

Whispered Counsel. When it was suggested to Truman that the information in question had been given out by Government agencies, he said that he didn't care who gave it out, that the publishers had no business to use it if they had the welfare of the U.S. at heart.

Shortly after this statement, which dumfounded reporters, Truman's press secretary, long-suffering Joseph Short, broke in to whisper to the President.

"What did Joe say?" asked a correspondent. The President announced that Short had said security officers would be specially trained to maintain uniform standards of security classifications.

A few minutes later, the conference got on the subject of the Air Force guided missile, the Matador. The first public hint of this story came in a San Francisco speech by Truman when he boasted that the U.S. had some "fantastic" new weapons. Subsequently, a *TIME* story about the Matador (TIME, Sept. 17) was submitted for clearance to proper authorities in Truman's Defense Department. They deleted some material that violated security, and

then refused to return the edited copy because the story touched off a row in the Pentagon. The fight and the delay were not about security; they turned on what is called "policy." In this sense, "policy" means rivalry between the services. The Army and the Navy did not want the Air Force to get the publicity for the Matador because they have guided missile projects of their own. Said a Pentagon security review officer: "This is not a security fight; this is a political fight in the Joint Chiefs of Staff." Finally, the Defense Department released the Matador story (with picture) to all newspapers and magazines.

He Didn't Remember. On the day of publication of the Matador story, Truman was asked if this was one of the "fantastic" weapons he referred to at San Francisco. He said yes. Asked about this in his press conference last week, Truman said that he did not remember saying yes.

A reporter asked what he was supposed to do if the Defense Department handed him a story. The President countered by asking the reporter if he believed in saving the U.S. from attack.

Just preceding this discussion, Short broke in again to whisper to the President. Truman explained that Short wanted him to make it clear that the Executive Order on tighter security applied to Government workers. The President added, however, that his own comments applied to everybody who gave away state secrets.

After the conference, the Greek chorus came in again in the form of a mimeographed statement to the press prepared by the White House staff. It said exactly the opposite of what the President had been saying for half an hour.

Key paragraph in the statement:

"Citizens who receive military information for publication from responsible officials qualified to judge the relationship of such information to the national security



may rightfully assume that it is safe to publish the information."

Chaos, Not Control. At no time in his conference or later did Truman display any embarrassment over the implications of his charge that 95% of "secret" information had been improperly published. If this is a fact, as the President seems to believe, it means that 95% of U.S. secret information has been handed to unauthorized persons, in violation of law, by Government employees for whose security the President is responsible.

The truth is that, in the administrative chaos over which Truman presides, a great many officials disclose some information and withhold other information for reasons of inter-service and inter-agency rivalry. Truman can't control his subordinates (much less Congressmen), and he is blaming editors for the results.

CRIME

Young Burglar

The sun had long since gone down behind Dreyer's Market, in Irvington, N.J., and its showcases and chopping block were lost in gloom. Nevertheless, as Patrolman John Hughes squinted cautiously through the shop's window, he was certain that something which looked extraordinarily like a leg of lamb was prowling around inside. He rang for reinforcements. Two squad cars screeched up. A phalanx of coppers tumbled into the meat shop, pistols drawn, flashlights glaring. On the floor sat a blond, blue-eyed, six-year-old boy. He was playing trains with some sausage.

What, cried his relieved and astounded captors, was he doing there? He regarded them condescendingly. Stealing bologna—what else? How? Well, just like he always did. His two pals, who were 12 and 13, had lowered him through the skylight, waited until he passed out some sausage and \$19 from the till, and then had started hauling him back up to the roof. But the rope had broken, and they had run off.

The culprit willingly identified himself as Richard, and seemed delighted to get a ride in one of the squad cars. Said he: "This ain't the same auto you had the last time you arrested me." He and his pals, it developed, had gotten into the meat market twice before, had scored a \$63 haul the first time, but had been nabbed on a second try. With forthright gravity, Richard described other details of his criminal career: he had also helped break into a hardware store, a fish market, a dress shop, a dry-cleaning establishment and a candy store.

Richard was too young to be arrested, even as a juvenile delinquent. He helped steal because his two companions gave him candy and let him go to the movies with them as a reward. (The two movie-going pals, when caught, blamed their law-breaking on "the spirit of the West.")

In Newark's slums, the cops found Richard's mother, a vast (about 200 lbs.), cheerful woman, who had brought him there after years of farming him out to

orphanages. She seemed completely unable to control him.

A day later, Cal Farley, a 55-year-old ex-professional baseball player (Amarillo, Texas "Gassers") who was in New York for the World Series, offered Richard a new start in life. Farley is president of Boys' Ranch at Tascosa, Texas—a sort of cattle-country Boys Town at which hundreds of homeless or once-delinquent lads have been educated. He asked for custody of Richard until the boy is 18. Richard, delighted at the chance to ride horses, agreed as soon as it was understood that he wanted to take his rubber hammer and rubber hatchet along.

Said his mother: "He sure does love them tools. He says he keeps them in bed

ARMED FORCES Defense on the Rhine

Most of the American troops in Germany, about 160,000 strong, were in the field last week. In "Operation Combine," the largest postwar U.S. maneuvers in Europe, the Seventh Army was testing the defense of the dangerous 85-mile front where the border of the Soviet zone swings west toward Frankfurt.

In the early morning, armored combat teams of the crack American Constabulary thrust westward in a surprise attack. Paratroopers dropped near Frankenthal to secure a Rhine bridgehead. Partisan guerrillas closed in near Kaiseraultern and "destroyed" a supply dump. Threatened on



EISENHOWER IN DORNHEIM, GERMANY
Some defenders were found in the sack.

to chase off burglars with. Ain't that a laugh?"

At week's end Richard was on his way to the great Southwest. Irvington's cops heaved a sigh of satisfaction and relief. So did Irvington's steeplejacks—who have been shinnying up flagpoles for months, replacing ropes which Richard's pals swiped to lower Richard down skylights.

TEXAS

Turnabout

When Austin Myers came to Texas from the Republican outer world in 1900, he refused to shuck his political convictions just because he found himself surrounded by infidels. Stubbornly, year after year, he voted the G.O.P. ticket. But last week, at the age of 100, he enrolled as a Democrat. "I expect to live here the rest of my life," he said, "and I'm tired of being on the losing side."

their flanks, the 1st and 4th Divisions reeled back until units of the 2nd Armored Division, in reserve, moved up to hit the aggressors and cover the retreat.

This was a "fixed" maneuver, with lines of advance marked out for the aggressor, and the green-shirted Constabulary thought it was all too easy. "Not even any running around at night, except small patrols," complained a belligerent riflemen. "And the guys against us aren't too smart. Why, we had to wake up some . . . of the 4th Division to capture them. Found them in their sacks."

Observers found other shortcomings in the performance of U.S. forces. Camouflage was sloppy, communication lines inadequate. Air strikes were too few, and too slow to attack when called. On the Rhein-Main Airfield observers saw cargo planes parked so close that they made inviting targets. Traffic moved placidly in daylight along the Frankfurt-Darmstadt

autobahn while, just off the road, supply trucks piled up outside the Sunset P.X.

On their final defense line behind the Rhine, the defenders regrouped according to plan. Joined by units of the French and British armies, they prepared to launch a counterattack. Observed by SHAPE Commander Eisenhower, fresh from NATO's impressive "Operation Counterthrust" (TIME, Oct. 1) on the northwest German plain, the invaders will be repulsed, as they always are when the script calls for it.

The Epistolary Art

In the late summer of 1946, when she wrote to North Dakota's Senator Milton R. Young, Mrs. Matt Fischer was in what she described as "a desperate situation." She was seven months pregnant with her second child and her husband, an Army staff sergeant, was stationed in Vienna. If she had to have her child at home in Bismarck, N. Dak., it would "take something very vital from [her] marriage." She wanted to join her husband in Vienna.

Deeply touched, the Senator sent letters and telegrams in all directions—to Matt Fischer's C.O. in Austria, to the Department of State, to the War Department—and Mrs. Fischer's "faith in men and angels" was restored. The Army allowed her to fly to Vienna; the baby was born two days after she arrived.

Two months ago, the Senator heard from Mrs. Fischer again. Nothing vital, apparently, had gone out of her marriage. She was pregnant for the fifth time. This time she was in Junction City, Kans. and Matt was at Wyton Air Base, 60 miles from London. Her baby was due in December, and she didn't think the Army was going to get her to England while she was still able to travel. She hoped that the Senator remembered her and that he could do something to make it "possible . . . to catch a ride on a plane going directly to Wyton Air Base."

"I can well remember your case," answered Senator Young, "as you always write such nice letters." Once again he went to work for Mrs. Fischer. The Army said that Mrs. Fischer would have to wait her turn along with other dependents of servicemen. Senator Young sent a long and persuasive letter to Assistant Defense Secretary Anna M. Rosenberg. The letter did the trick.

Some two weeks later, ahead of 200 other dependents waiting to get to Wyton, Rosella Fischer and her four children flew to England in an Air Force plane.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Other Chairman

In its four weeks of tracking down Washington's influence peddlers, the Senate's subcommittee on investigations had interviewed 32 witnesses and piled up 2,432 pages of transcript. Last week it wound up its hearings with testimony about relations between the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Democratic and Republican national chairmen. H. Turney Gratz, Kansas City friend of

Democratic National Committee Chairman Bill Boyle, was called to the stand to explain about his income. During the four years that he was a second-rung executive in the RFC, Gratz said, Boyle had paid him \$11,000 for "outside work." Boyle, at the time, was a private attorney representing, among others, clients trying to get RFC loans. Gratz insisted that he had earned the \$11,000 by keeping Boyle's personal books and handling his investments after hours, but whether he was neither an accountant nor an investment expert. He admitted introducing hundreds of friends to the right people at RFC, but never sought "favors" for any, he said. Boyle quit paying Gratz for his outside work in January 1950, when Gratz left



John Zimmerman
REPUBLICANS' GABRIELSON
Peculiar insensitivity.

RFC and went over to the Democratic National Committee as a paid executive assistant.

Guy George Gabrielson, chairman of the Republican National Committee, dropped in to explain why he has been getting paid \$25,000 a year for looking after the \$18.5 million loans of Carthage Hydrocol, Inc., a Texas corporation which makes petroleum out of natural gas. He is president and counsel of the company, Gabrielson testified, but has never tried to use "influence." He called many times on Republican Harvey J. Gunderson when Gunderson was RFC director in charge of the Carthage Hydrocol loan. He called on RFC's new boss, Stuart Symington, to talk about a delay on the payments. And in October 1950, after Gunderson got the news that the President wasn't going to reappoint him to RFC, Gabrielson tried unsuccessfully to get him a job as president of the New York Stock Exchange.

Gabrielson expressed amusement that anyone would think his activities improper. "It is inconceivable to me," said he, "to believe that a chairman of a party

that is not in power could have any possible influence." Some highly embarrassed Republicans in Congress didn't think it would sound so inconceivable to the voters. With the backing of such old Gabrielson defenders as Colorado's Eugene Millikin, and with no opposition from Ohio's Bob Taft and Maine's Owen Brewster, they tried to get Gabrielson to resign. He refused.

It was obvious that the issue of corruption and influence in the Truman Administration was shaping up as one of the G.O.P.'s strongest campaign weapons, and Gabrielson was showing a peculiar insensitivity to party welfare by clawing on to both his political job and Carthage Hydrocol. California's Richard Nixon, a Republican member of the Senate subcommittee, put the point bluntly this week: "[Gabrielson's] effectiveness as chairman of the minority party has been irreparably damaged because the charges against him will constantly be used to camouflage and confuse the issue"

HISTORICAL NOTES Civilian Casualty

In the last days of World War II and the years that followed, a handful of selfless men within the Government fought a long, grueling battle to save the nation while the nation slept. The most important of these was James Vincent Forrestal, Secretary of the Navy, and in 1947, the Secretary of Defense. Not until Forrestal jumped to his death from the 16th floor of the Bethesda Naval Hospital, in May 1949, did the world catch a hint of how exhausting the battle had been.

This week an assortment of Forrestal's dictated memoranda, calendar notes and letters were bundled together and published as *The Forrestal Diaries* (Viking, \$5). The title is actually a misnomer, because Forrestal's notations were largely his personal reminders about people and events and rarely reported on his own actions.

Fragmentary as they are, however, the *Diaries* add new insight to the character of the tough, purposeful Government servant whom Washington remembers—the middleweight of the broken nose, the level gaze, the straight-lined lips and few words. James Forrestal was a man whose mind never put down the burden of responsibility for U.S. military security. His inner conflict was between his intense loyalty to his chiefs and his equally intense concern for the safety of his country. When politics or expediency dictated policies that violated Forrestal's calculations of military necessities, he kept his worries within the official family, obeyed orders, and waited for the next chance at temperate persuasion. The sum total of his influence slowly moved the U.S. toward military realism, yet he had few personal victories to record. He could never bring himself to break security and either boast or speak out against his critics, but the criticism cut him deep. "Public service," he once observed, "is no place for an introvert."

On Russia. In 1945 Forrestal noted happily that Harry Truman had grasped the point that the Russians deserve concession as weakness. After Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes had left office, he confided to Forrestal that Stalin did not like Truman personally. Observed Forrestal: "Mr. Truman was the first one who had ever said 'no' to anything Stalin asked . . . [Stalin] had good reason for liking F.D.R. because he got out of him the Yalta agreement, anything he asked for during the war, and finally an opportunity to push Communist propaganda in the United States and throughout the world."

But in the tensing years of the cold war, Forrestal found that Harry Truman would talk tough at the right times, but was uninterested in working out a hardheaded plan for pursuing the cold war. When the Russians tried to drive the allies out of Berlin with the 1948 blockade, Truman summoned a Sunday afternoon session and said that "we were going to stay, period." But there had been no advance planning for the crisis. The happy solution of the airlift was never even suggested at the first conferences; it grew into a policy because the military men in Berlin had the good sense to get it started.

On Asia. The same kind of improvisation carried over to Asia, with far less happy results. In 1945, Forrestal noted, the Navy was busy transporting Nationalist troops to Manchuria so they would be in position to fight the Communist armies. The State Department put a stop to it, and cabled General Wedemeyer in China that the U.S. "will not support the National government vis-à-vis the Communists except in so far as necessary to get the Japanese disarmed and out of China."

On Palestine. In the spring of 1948, the issue of Palestine found Forrestal silhouetted like a solitary sentry on a ridgeline. All-out U.S. support of a Zionist state, he believed, "was fraught with great danger for the future security of this country." But his concern for U.S. military strategy ran head-on into a political legend that pro-Zionism is worth its weight in the Jewish vote. Democratic National Chairman J. Howard McGrath (now U.S. Attorney General) gravely warned him that the Democrats would probably lose the states of New York, Pennsylvania and California if they didn't heed Zionist ambitions.

Forrestal tried desperately to get the Republican and Democratic politicos to avoid making Palestine the basis for political promises. He failed, and in failing became the target for the bitterest criticism of his career. In May 1948, as soon as it was established and just in time for the campaign, Harry Truman decided on U.S. recognition of Israel. As Forrestal had foreseen, all-out U.S. support of Israel left scars of hatred and distrust of the U.S. on the Arab world.

On Arms. As Secretary of Defense, his concern over U.S. military safety soon had him in an even deeper conflict with loyalty. In 1948 Truman let his Bureau of

the Budget clamp a \$14.4 billion ceiling on all three armed services. Forrestal argued quietly that the cuts would force the Navy to withdraw its Mediterranean task force (which had done more to stabilize conditions in Greece, Turkey and Italy than was generally recognized). This would leave the U.S. with no means for counterattacking in Europe except bombing from Britain. One of Forrestal's sad discoveries was that Secretary of State George Marshall, who probably could have turned the verdict, gave him no help in his plea for arms.

The presidential decisions went coldly against Forrestal, and, like an almost-too-good soldier, he turned to obey his orders. He forced the Joint Chiefs of Staff to



THE LATE JAMES FORRESTAL
Intense loyalty.

spend their time working out the details of a \$14.4 billion budget (although Forrestal himself realized that some figure around \$18 billion should be the absolute minimum).

In 1945 Forrestal made a diary note that after a Cabinet meeting, Henry Wallace was "completely, everlasting and wholeheartedly in favor of giving [the atomic bomb] to the Russians."

When the Forrestal statement was printed last week in the newspapers, Wallace published a scorching denial. "This is a lie," he wrote. "I said under oath [in testimony to the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1950] that there was a leaking liar in the Cabinet and the President agreed . . . I do not wish to quarrel with a dead man or his widow and children. Their husband and father wished very much to see me a few months before he died . . . Undoubtedly at that time he was trying to set his spiritual house in order. May God rest the soul of this curiously tortured man who served his country and the armed services so well in time of war."

Last Entries. Forrestal's entries in the diary dribble off around January 1949. Last week some of his close friends pieced out the Forrestal story with unpublished recollections of his last months.

His personal aides began to notice signs of exhaustion in February. Once he tore up a draft of a speech at 2 a.m. and sent the writer back to rewrite it by 8 o'clock. He summoned generals and admirals to his office on Sunday afternoon to advise him, then was unable to make up his mind on the problem at hand. One associate noticed that Forrestal had worn a "hole in his head" by indulging his nervous habit of scratching his scalp. On March 1, Harry Truman sent for Forrestal and asked for his immediate resignation. This, say his friends, was a "shattering experience," the final proof to his exhausted mind that he was a failure. He submitted his resignation gracefully and made his appropriate farewells. Then he walked to the Mall entrance of the Pentagon to wait for his car. "Oh, you don't have a car any more," an aide reminded him. Forrestal looked perplexed. The aide called another car and sent him home, then called Forrestal's old friend Ferdinand Eberstadt, and warned him that Forrestal was "acting peculiarly."

Eberstadt raced to Forrestal's home in Georgetown and found Forrestal mumbling: "I'm a disgrace to my friends, I have failed. The Department of Justice is going to indict me on Monday." Eberstadt whisked him to Hobe Sound, Fla., in an Air Force Constellation, where Bob Lovett took charge. "They're after me," Forrestal kept repeating. For a few days he swam and sunned himself and seemed to rally. Then one night he scratched his wrist with a razor blade. Psychiatrists ordered him to Bethesda Hospital and there, seven weeks later, he killed himself at 2 a.m.

The diaries give no reason for his suicide. But the sum total of the cryptic entries, the reflections, the worries and the responsibilities, add up to a strong case that James Forrestal was a casualty in a desperate battle to save the American people from complacency.

WELFARE \$40 Million More

Across the nation, Community Chest drives are getting under way. In 1,500 U.S. communities, 2,000,000 volunteers are ringing doorbells; pledge cards are being circulated in factories and office buildings.

Because of inflation, Community Chests will need more money this year than ever before. The campaign's objective is \$250 million, up \$40 million from last year. After a lapse of only five years, the cost of war is once more a major item in the campaign's budget. The United Defense Fund, which will contribute to the revived U.S.O., provides help for war-boom areas at home and supports American Relief for Korea, will need \$16,500,000 of the Red Feather collections.

NEWS IN PICTURES



PRE-ELECTION PRAYER: St. Paul's Cathedral service, before dissolution of Parliament, brought together leaders of three British

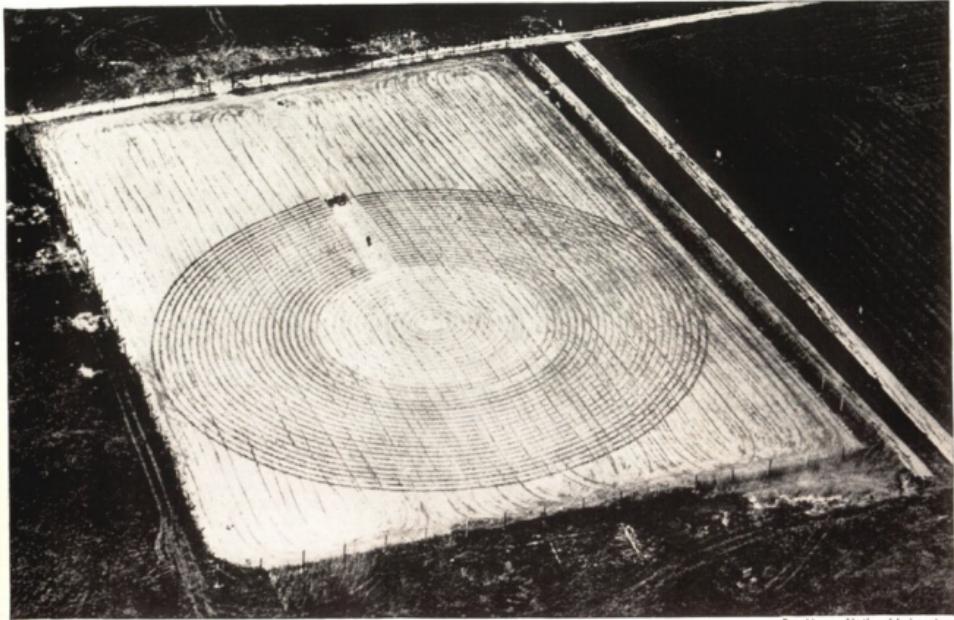
parties, Laborite Attlee, Conservative Churchill and Liberal Davies (with wives in front row). Left: Conservatives Eden and Woolton.



Department of Defense—Associated Press
U.S.S. FORRESTAL, 59,900-ton, \$218 million super-carrier (shown in Department of Defense drawing) will launch atom-bomb-carrying planes when it is finished in 1954.



Associated Press
NEW SHOULDER PATCH at Eisenhower H.Q. tells world: "Vigilance Is the Price of Liberty."



RADIOACTIVE FARM, at 6,000-acre Brookhaven Laboratory, tests effect of radiation from tube of cobalt (at hub) on cellular

growth of crops planted at varying distances. Nine universities run Brookhaven's research projects for U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.



"BELLE OF EUROPE" is impressive title won by ex-Miss Switzerland, Jacqueline Genton, 19.



Acme
N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
UNDERWORLD EXECUTION, in New Jersey restaurant, silenced Costello's talkative friend, Willie Moretti. Four killers joked with their victim before knocking him off.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

New Location

For 40 days, the Kaesong cease-fire talks had been stalled. Matt Ridgway was fed up. Over the radio "Voice of the U.N. Command," which he uses when he doesn't want to put something in writing, his headquarters warned: "The time is fast approaching when resumption or conclusion of the [truce] talks may well turn on one reply." In other words, put up or fight. With that, U.N. forces launched an offensive (*see below*).

Two days later, the Reds rejected Ridgway's request that talks be moved from Kaesong to Songhyeon, eight miles closer to U.N. lines. Then they made a counter-proposal: Why not meet in Panmunjom, a village just a mile away from Songhyeon? Ridgway promptly agreed that Panmunjom met "the fundamental condition of equality of movement and control." Once again it was left to juniors to work out the details. But in Seoul and Tokyo, U.N. commanders continued in their optimistic belief that the Reds genuinely want a cease-fire.

As cease-fire prospects brightened once again, two things appeared certain. One was that the U.S. has no intention of settling on the 38th parallel, but will insist on the present battle line, though willing to give & take a little. The other is that if the Reds reject peace, and U.N. forces push forward in a full-scale offensive, there is only one safe place they could stop: the Pyongyang-Wonsan line across the narrow waist of North Korea. At that place, there would be no doubt who won the war.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Limited Offensive

While peace talks were but a sporadic, long-distance mumble, the guns spoke sharply again. Allied artillery began pounding the enemy lines along a 40-mile front west of Kumhwa, through Chorwon, Yonchon, Korangpo, to within a few miles of Kaesong. At the same time, allied naval units bombarded east and west coasts of North Korea, and carrier-based aircraft and bombers from bases in Japan and Okinawa began tearing up enemy supply lines. Next day allied troops attacked all along the line. By nightfall 100,000 men of nine allied nations were in combat.

Squeeze Play. The weight and suddenness of the offensive at least momentarily stunned the Communists. At the southwest end of the active front, the British Commonwealth Division, going into action as a combined unit for the first time, flanked by the U.S. 1st Cavalry Division and the Greek battalion, took up the Red recoil, achieved its objectives on the second day. The U.S. 3rd Division breached the Red line northwest of Chorwon. Fierce fighting developed at the northeast end, along the long line of rugged peaks of Heartbreak Ridge.

The ridge was attacked from widely separated points by units of the U.S. 2nd Division. It was a squeeze play. As the Communists divided their forces to meet the attacks, other U.S. and French units drove through to take, for the third time, the dominating peaks. From the top of Heartbreak Ridge, the allies could look down over the wide Mundung Valley, in

the direction of the so-called Iron Triangle from which the Communists have mounted many attacks. Realizing that the allies were now in position to streak down the valley toward Pyongyang, the Communists sent their fiercest counterattacks into this sector, but at week's end they had not dislodged the U.N. soldiers.

Winter Readiness. Captured enemy redoubts were found to have been dug deep, with walls, in some places, 4 to 8 ft. thick. Large supplies of winter clothing were stashed underground, indicating that the Reds had planned a winter-long stopover. In addition to jerking the enemy out of his prepared winter positions, the offensive had helped strengthen the allied winter line by pushing the enemy back out of reach of the railroad which runs down from Kumhwa through Chorwon and Yonchon to Seoul. What had seemed at first to be an all-out offensive had turned out to be a limited tactical offensive. "Splendid," said tough-talking General Van Fleet. "We have broken up their potential so they cannot surprise us."

The U.N. command still hopes, by its slogging, to hurry the Reds to the peace table.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Reinforcements from the Sky

The rain clouds which have hung low over the mountains of north Indo-China during the last three months lifted last week, and the Communist force was to cut off the small federation of Thai states near the border of China's Yunnan province. The Thais are loyal to the French, and 7,000 of their sturdy mountaineers make up the Northwest Tonkin Frontier Guard, one of the French Union's crack guerrilla outfits. But the Thai states are connected with the strongly defended Red River delta country only by overland trails and water routes.

The Communists struck towards the Thai capital, Laichau, with a force of three battalions, but the Thais, supported by Algerians, drove them back. Meanwhile, the main Communist force of ten battalions was snaking through the winding river valleys to the southeast toward the town of Nghia Lo. At dawn French-manned B-26 bombers and Hellcat and Bearcat fighters were roaring off the airfields of Hanoi and Haiphong, a few minutes later were diving between the mist-shrouded peaks surrounding the Nghia Lo basin to plaster the Viet Minh troops with bombs and napalm. Over the town of Nghia Lo, C-47s and three-motored Junkers transports dropped French and Foreign Legion paratroopers, who quickly set up new defenses athwart the mountain passes. At week's end the severely mauled Viet Minh columns pulled back. The Thais breathed easier. The big attack of the Viet Minh on the main French lines is still to come. The weather is now right for it.



U.S. INFANTRYMEN IN KOREA FIRING 75-MM. RECOILLESS RIFLE
The enemy was ready for the second winter.

U.S. Army—International

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Buckingham Bulletin

King George VI was pronounced officially out of danger last week.

The Melancholy Fact

The traditional toast had just been proposed: "Prosperity to the public purse and health to the Chancellor." At the annual banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, 200 of London's leading bankers and merchants & their wives got to their feet. The toast drunk, Chancellor Hugh Gaitskell (whose health was fine) responded with some distressing news about the prosperity of the public purse: Britain's dollar deficit for the third quarter of 1951 was \$68 million. The audience gasped. A deficit was expected, but not this much. It was the worst financial news since the pound was devaluated in 1949. The fact that British gold reserves of \$3.2 billion are twice as big as they were in 1949 softened the blow, but still it hurt.

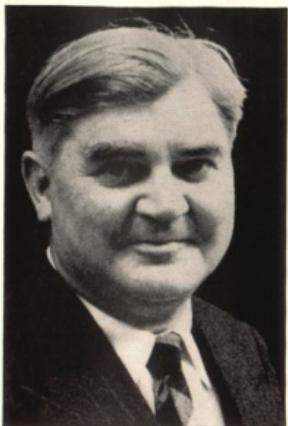
Nor could the deficit be blamed on rearmament alone, though commercial and strategic stockpiling accounted for some of it. Britain's hasty attempt to find oil somewhere else than Iran, for example, would cost \$300 million a year. Even more serious was the drop in the world price of sterling commodities such as wool, rubber and tin, with no commensurate drop in the price of dollar commodities.

Something unpleasant would have to be done about it, Gaitskell added significantly, "whatever government is in power." The General Election was only three weeks away. And though Britain's patient, put-upon man-in-the-street might not understand all the financial subtleties of dollar deficits, he had learned to translate the terms, and the worried expression on the Chancellor's face, into a feeling that he would get less to eat, pay more for clothes, and warm his shanks at a dwindling coal fire.

The melancholy fact about Britain's 1951 election is that two parties are competing for the privilege of presiding over the next bout of economic unpleasantness. Clement Attlee, if he expects to lose, has exercised the Prime Minister's privilege of putting the fruit for which Churchill has been reaching into the old man's hands at the precise moment when it is turning into the worst kind of lemon. Neither side apparently sees a way to cope with the crisis except by blood, sweat and tears, which in peacetime terms mean regimentation, restriction and austerity.

Who's Finger on the Trigger?

From the Lord Chancellor's office in Whitehall last week, stout manila envelopes marked O.H.M.S. ("On His Majesty's Service") were expressed to every mayor, provost and sheriff in Britain and Northern Ireland. Each contained a copy



they come creatin' about their big gas bills. It makes me mad—aven't they got memories? Don't they know what this wonderful party's done fer 'em?"

Labor's façade of unity was a sham, as everyone in Britain knew. As the Scarborough conference broke up, Laborite Rebel Nye Bevan—who hopes to be Britain's next Prime Minister but one—bested all comers in the constituency polls for a new National Executive Committee of the Labor Party. Three of his disciples, including fiery Mrs. Barbara Castle, were elected to serve alongside him on the 25-man committee. Defense Minister Manny Shinwell was beaten. Attlee's moderates, with the powerful bloc votes of the trade unions, still held control of the party directorate, but the vote served notice that a solid platoon of rank & file Laborites shares the daydreams of the "Bevanly Host" (more class-war Socialism; opposition to rearmament). In Bevan's language, the U.S. is almost as flagrant a disturber of the peace as Russia.

Winnie & Greatness. The Conservatives' biggest campaign gun went off in workaday Liverpool, a Labor stronghold. In the city's sooty stadium, home of champion boxers and second-rate wrestlers, 76-year-old Battler Winston Churchill, looking like a grey kewpie, swung some grandiloquent haymakers at Labor's bungling of the Iranian oil dispute, which the London *Observer* called a diplomatic defeat in some ways worse than Munich. "It will be my duty," said Winnie, "to expose the melancholy story of inadvertence, incompetence, indecision and final collapse which has marked the policy of our Socialist rulers."

From Liverpool, Winnie popped down to Woodford, his constituency in Essex. Sporting a square bowler and an eight-inch cigar, he drove through roars of "Good Old Winnie," halting at street corners to scribble autographs, pat children's heads and deride the Socialists' "ill-natured criticism of the Americans." He tells the voters: "We make no promises of easier conditions in the immediate future. Too much harm has been done." His biggest appeal: he reminds Britons of national greatness. Workers, cheering a Churchill appearance while still resolved to vote Labor, often explain: "Winnie's above politics."

The big election-day question is whether enough people who dislike Labor are ready to vote the Tories. Election betting now gives the Tories a substantial but waning 5-4 edge. Britain's reliable Gallup poll this week reported, among those who had made up their minds, an increase in Tory support (from 50.5% to 52%), but an even larger Labor upsurge (from 38% to 41%). It reported 11% of the voters undecided. It seemed unlikely that Labor would pick up enough of the undecided vote to stave off defeat. Unlikely—but Laborites, talking to keep their courage up, remembered Harry Truman in 1948.

NYE BEVAN
Unity? A façade.

of a royal proclamation: "Being desirous and resolved as soon as may be to meet Our people, [We] do hereby make known to all our loving subjects Our Royal will and pleasure to call a new Parliament . . ." At St. Paul's Cathedral Clement Attlee, Winston Churchill and Clement Davies, leader of the dwindling Liberal Party, knelt at pre-election prayers (*see NEWS IN PICTURES*).

Next day, thrusting ceremonial and prayers aside, the party leaders and some 1,400 candidates for the 624 seats in the House of Commons began slanging one another from the hustings for the favor of 30-odd million British voters.

As in all elections, there was much swinging but few hits. Labor, humiliated in its foreign policy by the Iran withdrawal, and hurt at home by high prices and food shortages, tried to make peace the issue, and Churchill a warmerger. (Churchill on World War III: "The main reason that I remain in public life is my desire to prevent it.") Labor had a catchy slogan: "Whose finger do you want on the trigger? Attlee's or Churchill's?" Attlee, driven by his wife in their little family Hillman, set out on an eight-day campaign trip, singing this same theme as if it were a madrigal: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

Granny & Gas Bill. The Labor Party wound up its family outing at seaside Scarborough with a brave show of working-class solidarity. Hit of the show was 69-year-old "Granny" Nelly Cressall, Labor's grand old lady, whose pep talk was recorded and will be played at street corners during the campaign. Excerpt: "I remember the days when my neighbors used to come and ask me for a penny for the gas meter—and I hadn't got it. Now

TURKEY: STRATEGIC & SCRAPPY

Bigger than France, more populous than Yugoslavia, Turkey adjoins oil-rich Iran and sits astride the Dardanelles, through which the Russian navy's Black Sea fleet would have to pass in time of war. Along with Greece, Turkey has been newly invited to join NATO, to anchor down the Eastern end of the defense line. TIME Correspondent Jim Bell last week reported on strategic Turkey:

THE Turk is a nice guy to have on our side. He's a realist, he knows where he's going, he's got the guts and stamina to get there. He's a realist, certainly, in his dealings with the U.S. By coming to Turkey's aid in 1947, the Americans raised themselves to the position of second least hated foreign nation (least hated: the Germans). We have made a valuable gesture of recognition now by sponsoring Turkey for NATO membership. The Turks are properly appreciative. But it is a mistake to say that Turkey today is pro-U.S. We simply have something to offer the Turks. They trade us something we can use (position, courage, strength) for something we can give them (military and financial assistance).

The Turks wanted to get into NATO badly. More specifically they wanted a firm military partnership with the U.S. Sureyya Agaoglu, a famous Istanbul woman lawyer who has known many Westerners (including the late Wendell Willkie), put it this way:

"We don't depend on anyone but the U.S. Norway and France aren't going to fight for Turkey, no matter what the North Atlantic Treaty says. The French wouldn't even fight for themselves in the last war. But the U.S. will fight for Turkey. Even without the Americans, we aren't afraid of anyone, including the Russians. But having the Americans with us makes it better."

Turkey emerged from World War II lonely and friendless. It had played the hard-to-get neutral, declaring war on Nazi Germany only at the last moment, in February 1945, in time to qualify for U.N. membership. It was cut off from the Balkans and the Arab world too, and isolated from Islam. No one loved the Turks. The Turks loved no one. Then the Moskofs (as the Turks call the Russians) started growling. Turkey's stout defiance of Soviet demands for joint control of the Dardanelles taught the U.S. and the Western world, in 1946 still under the dreamy illusion of being able to do business with Russia, a great deal. If you said no with conviction and determination, the Russians paused.

Under Western Hats

Today most Turks have no doubts about why they have been accepted into the Western community of nations. Ahmet Emin Yalman, independent, Western-minded (Columbia-educated) editor of the Istanbul *Vatan* (The Motherland), wrote: "It was the troops in Korea that paved the way [into NATO]. Had the unit not been sent to Korea, Turkey would have remained a second-rate state."

When the Korean war broke out, Prime Minister Adnan Menderes and his brilliant Foreign Minister, Fuat Köprülü, acted with courage and decision.

"They asked me to come over as soon as they got the message," U.S. Ambassador George Wadsworth recalls. "They asked me how big a unit they should send. Before I could answer, they told me they'd decided on a division as a starter. It took some talking to get them down to a brigade, which at that time was the largest unit we could equip and send off right away."

When the first casualty figures came in from Korea—nearly 25% of the brigade—Wadsworth called on Köprülü to extend the U.S.'s condolences to the Turkish people. "Don't feel sorry for us, Mr. Ambassador," Köprülü said. "This is a most wonderful thing for Turkey. Since World War II, the world has been saying that Turkish soldiers were no good. Now the world will know we can fight, and will fight."

Admission to NATO will mean completion of a task Kemal Atatürk set out upon 28 years ago this month: the westernization of Turkey. His original dream of converting Turkey from an Eastern empire to a Western nation is now, many Turks believe, a reality. NATO membership will be worn like the brimmed Western hat that replaced the fez.

Oxen & Tractors

Turkey, predominantly an agricultural nation despite Atatürk's brave show of steel mills and modern factories, is still a long way from using its land's full strength, though 80% of Turkey's 20 million people live off the dry and parched land (there are only twelve cities of over 50,000 population).

The really hopeful thing is that Turkey isn't standing still, or slipping backward. It's advancing. Turkish agricultural land is expanding; this year there is an alltime high of 10.5 million hectares under cultivation. The Turk is a hard worker and he's used to sacrifice. Last month, the central Anatolian plain was seething with harvest activity. Though 1,283 ECA combines have been imported since 1948, most of the threshing is done by ancient methods. Oxen pull sleds, equipped with sharp flint points, around & around in the harvested wheat stocks, cutting them apart. Then the peasant and his family toss the grain into the air, allowing the wind, as it has for centuries, to separate wheat from chaff. (Sometimes there is the incongruity of a flint sled being pulled around by a bright, red, new, ECA tractor.)

A record grain crop (50% over the 1934-38 average) is in. During 1949 and 1950, to the acute embarrassment of ECA Boss for Turkey Russell Dorr, who has always contended that Turkey should be a wheat-exporting nation, the country had to import the grain. This year, Dorr happily predicts, it will export 200,000 tons. In the south, cotton pickers are gathering another record crop (300% over 1934-38).

All this means money to the Turks. The cotton crop will be worth \$165 million this year (last pre-ECA crop: \$25 million); wheat, \$535 million. The ECA people would have you believe it's the Marshall Plan that has done it. The Turkish Democratic Party says it's their doing. Both acknowledge a valuable assist from Allah, who brought rains at just the right time during the growing season. Most of the \$294 million of Marshall Plan aid has been passed on to the farmer: 6,468 tractors, 3,242 disk plows, 6,176 tractor-drawn plows, 4,258 disk harrows.

"Marshall" has become part of the language. It means easy installments. Vedat Baykurt, a young businessman, says that when the peasant comes into a farm equipment store these days, his first question is, "Bu Marshall mi? [Is this Marshall?]," meaning, can I buy this on 20% down and 20% each year for five years, borrowing the down payment from the Agricultural Bank?

Out of the Rut

But perhaps ECA's biggest impact on Turkey has been its road-building program. Turkey is a big country, cut apart by rugged mountain ranges and vast areas of distant plateau. Counting everything which wasn't simply a wagon track, ECA found barely 13,000 miles of roads, only 5,000 miles of them good enough for a truck. In the event of a Soviet attack on Turkey, the eastern Mediterranean port of Iskenderun (Alexandretta) would be vital: 360 miles northeast of it is Erzurum, headquarters of the Third Army which controls the Soviet-Turkish frontier. Yet there was no direct road between the two places.

Atatürk and his followers always considered the lack of roads a defense weapon. Turkish defense thinking prior to 1947 was sometimes described as the "Gallipoli mind." Widely separate cadres of troops were assigned to defend mountain passes and strategic positions. They had their orders—plant the flag on the hilltop and stick until every man died. If there

were no roads, the thinking ran, then the enemy would have a harder time moving than the defenders would have defending. The new military equipment and tactical conception the U.S. brought to Turkey in 1947 demanded that the Gallipoli approach be changed, that the Turkish army become mobile.

The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads sent some of its best road builders. A 21,638-mile national highway system was designed. A veteran Public Roads man named Fred D. Hartford lived for months in a trailer with his wife while touring Turkey, building strong, cheap, simple steel bridges of his own design (Turks now call these bridges Hartford's). Today, no matter where you travel between the communications centers of Turkey, you see orange bulldozers, scoops, graders and gangs of men at work. In three years, some 2,500 miles of first-class highway have been cut.

Recently ECA Boss Dorn was out in the wilds of eastern Anatolia. He asked an old farmer if he had heard of the Marshall Plan. Indeed the farmer had. "Before Marshall," the old man said, "there was no hard road near my house. I could only get 20 kilos on my donkey's back. If I put more on him, he sunk into the mud. Now I can put 30 kilos on the donkey, thanks to the Marshall Plan."

Enter Democracy

Of all hopeful signs in Turkey, none is more compelling than the political situation. There's less graft, more honest and devoted officials in Turkey than any place in the Middle East.

In 1945, Kemal Ataturk's successor, President Ismet İnönü, took a gamble on true democratic rule. His Republican People's Party dropped its iron control, allowed the new, opposition Democratic Party to form. Last year, when the Republican Party allowed a free election, long-neglected Anatolian peasants, who make up more than 80% of Turkey, found their good will sought and their needs catered to. It was a new experience for peasants, who formerly had been asked merely to die in wars, starve in peace. They voted the Republicans out, brought the Democrats in.

Last week versatile young Kasim Gulek, Republican Party secretary general, sat outside the Ankara Palas Hotel and told me that the Democrats had also taken 18 or 20 National Assembly seats in recent by-elections, through intimidation of voters, police interference with candidates, and the pouring of government funds into contested villages.

"Even the personality of candidates was attacked," he complained. "They said I once went to a mosque in Adana without doing my ablutions. They said I was not circumcised. They displayed a picture of me in academic cap & gown when I graduated from the American Robert College in Istanbul, saying I was a Christian and these were my robes as a Christian priest." The significant fact is not that the party out of power views with great alarm, but that they can do all the viewing in public and no one runs them in. Democracy is now a fact.

Politically, one thing is sure. No matter which party controls the government, it will be anti-Communist. No Turkish political leader in sight would alter that course. Actually, Turkey (which keeps its Communist Party cells in Ankara, Istanbul and other cities neatly in hand) is more anti-Russian than anti-Communist. In Greece, the opposite is true, but the Turk, who has fought the Moskof 13 times in the past 400 years, would hate and fight him whether he were a Communist, monarchist or playing third base for the Brooklyn Dodgers. Here, of all countries in the world, is the one we never need worry about doublecrossing us to the enemy.

Oscar with Bazookas

JAMMAT (Joint American Military Mission for Aid to Turkey) is the biggest military advisory group in any country the U.S. is helping. It has 1,250 officers, enlisted men and civilians, and seems to be growing all the time. It started in 1947 with Army, Navy and Air; recently, field training teams, and engineers to build jet fighter airstrips which will screen the British colony of Cyprus from the North, were added.

Counting the current year's budget, the Turks have officially received \$500 million in military aid from the U.S. We've

given tanks, trucks, jeeps, machine guns, Bofors AA guns, howitzers, big & little bazookas, spotter planes, \$17 million worth of signal equipment including radar, B-26 bombers and C-47 transports, six subs, four destroyers and eight minesweepers.

About the only original weapon left in the Turkish army is the Ankara 7.92 mm. rifle, a locally produced bolt-action copy of the old Mauser, carried by the *asker*. The *asker* (pronounced "Oscar" by Americans here) is the basic, unadulterated, conscripted Turkish soldier.

Fighting men in Turkey come cheap. JAMMAT people figure they get a rifleman complete with pay, housing, food and all equipment for \$300 a year. This compares to around \$2,700 for the American doughfoot. The *asker* gets an allowance of about 12¢ a month, which he somewhat bitterly calls his *trag parsisi* (shave money). The *asker*'s boots and uniform look awful. The *asker* looks particularly bad on furlough. The army, very practically, gives him a sloppy, patched-up uniform for leave, so he won't tear up his fighting clothes. But there is a proud spirit in the Turkish army, and that's what pays off. For every place in the original contingent to Korea, there were six volunteers.

The Turkish army, like all good armies, is full of pride and tradition. Sometimes it has thought what the Americans preached was a little foolish, and has simply ignored it. For instance, because he has always done it, and because he is afraid of ears listening in on the new American radio equipment, a corps commander will still—*incredibly* as it may seem—put an order for a division commander in an envelope, paste a postage stamp on it, and post it at the nearest mail drop. The Turkish general officer thinks his new radio equipment is too valuable to waste on silly things like administration traffic.

The Prettiest Brigades

All has not been as smooth between JAMMAT and the Turks as would be desired, or has generally been reported. Basic troubles have been blistering lack of tact and feeling by certain Americans dealing with proud and sensitive Turks; and on the other side, the Turk's distrust of any foreigner. The Turk regards the American he sees as a guy with a big mouth and no sense of military security. The Turks are actually quite right in playing things very carefully. Last month I was sitting in the bar of Beirut's St. Georges Hotel. Two American sergeants on leave were pretty drunk and holding forth at the top of their voices about how incredibly stupid Turks are at learning to use tanks. They illustrated their points with considerable detail. Two known Communist barkeepers got an earful, kept stiff drinks coming to the two loud Americans.

The job of helping the Turk is by no means finished. The load of supporting his military establishment is simply too great for his economy. This year alone his deficit, out of a total budget of 1.5 billion Turkish lira (\$530 million), is 234 million lira. In 1946, the last year before we joined up with Turkey, the army cost 40.5% of the country's budget. We have cut this to 30.9% and trimmed an oversize force of 900,000 men to just about half that, and at the same time actually doubled its firepower.

"We've got six of the prettiest little armored brigades you ever saw," George Wadsworth says, speaking of the Turkish army we've helped build. "They're really more like the German *Panzer* division. They're wonderful." He belligerently asserts it is "the best army in all of Europe" and defuses any one to argue with him.

Wadsworth is probably a little overenthusiastic. Furthermore, Turkey already has 367 miles of Soviet frontier to defend. If Iran falls behind the Iron Curtain, 290 miles more of Soviet frontier (plus a likely invasion route, past Mt. Ararat) will be added to Turkey's defense problem. From a military point of view, Eisenhower's right flank is certainly stuck away the hell and gone out into enemy territory.

But if there's a brawl, you can be sure of one thing—Turkey won't stand off as it did in World War II. Turkey has a good strong fist that'll bloody any nose that comes poking out from behind the Iron Curtain.

GERMANY

Honey, Soap & Rayon

Just when the West's round-table talks in Germany got going, the East wind blew and ruffled the papers on the table. From the West Germans, the U.S., Britain and France were asking military contributions to European defense. In return, they would take almost all controls off West Germany and give her almost complete sovereignty. Getting down to the specifics of this bargain in Bonn last week, the Big Three found West German attention distracted by East German suggestions that they forget soldiering, and, instead, join up in one big, united, neutral Germany (TIME, Oct. 8).

While the Allied High Commissioners and Chancellor Konrad Adenauer dickered, Soviet puppets kept new sideshows going in East Germany. Wilhelm Pieck, East German President, returned from six weeks in Moscow. East Germany took honey, soap and rayon off the ration list, and Propaganda Boss Gerhart Eisler cooed his "deep regrets" that West Germans wouldn't be able to enjoy the same privileges until unification—though the fact is that such rations are no problem in West Germany. East German Premier Otto Grotewohl announced an amnesty for 20,000 prisoners (crimes unspecified, presumably political).

The Reds—at little expense to themselves—had again stirred up patriotic dreams of One Reich. West Germans hesitate to cut all ties with East Germany in favor of a military alliance with the West. Adenauer's chief domestic opponent, one-armed, one-legged Kurt Schumacher, whose Social Democrats control one-third of the seats in the Bundestag, called on "all farsighted [Germans] to reject these plans, including the military wishes of the allies." To the Allied High Commissioners, Adenauer complained that all this united Germany talk made it necessary for him to get more lenient terms from them. The allies wanted no part of that kind of bargaining. At that point negotiations recessed.

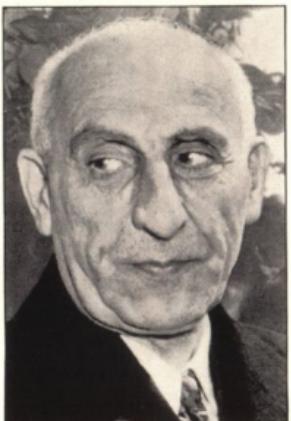
IRAN

Darkness in Abadan

Above the forest of silvered smokestacks that mark Anglo-Iranian's huge oil refinery at Abadan soar five towering gas pipes. For years flaming pillars of gas have jetted from these pipes, casting a ruddy glow on the night sky. But last week the night sky over Abadan was black. All but a handful of the 3,500 British oilmen who had tended the fires lovingly (and profitably) since they first flamed aloft had gone home. Darkness closed in along the neat cement walks separating the rows of bungalows where they had lived. The only sounds in the deserted town were the echo of Iranian sentries' boots and the whimper of an abandoned dog sniffing vainly for the scent of his British master.

"A Good Thing We're Going." Angry, bitter and resentful at the Iranian and the British governments both, the last garri-

son of 322 British technicians left on the British cruiser *Mauritius*, after a night at the local Gymkhana Club and the Guest House Bar, when they made a manful effort to polish off a three-month supply of whisky in one glorious but decorous gulp. Even Vera ("Hard-Hearted Hannah") Flavell, the penny-pinching proprietress of the Guest House, had proclaimed drinks on the house. By the time the evacuees arrived at the Gymkhana Club once again for customs inspection at 8 a.m., they were too hungover to care any more. "We've done a good job here, and it's hard to leave," said one, "but few people have ever been called upon to put up with such intolerable conditions. It's a good thing we're going." The triumphant Iranians were careful not to delay their



Associated Press

PREMIER MOSSADEQ
For the gravedigger, cheers.

departure by a single minute. Not a suitcase was opened during the inspection and passports were merely glanced at.

At the end of the jetty where Iranian navy launches waited to take them to the *Mauritius*, the oilmen filed solemnly past Refinery Director Kenneth B. Ross, who was flying out next day. As each man passed, the director shook his hand. "Good luck, K.B.," the men murmured. Some 2,000 Iranians, many of them former company employees, watched in silence. Once on the cruiser, the fed-up oilmen wasted scarcely a look back at the vast \$700 million refinery, the world's largest, that had been their life and their work.

On the green lawn of his waterfront home near the refinery, K.B. waved one more goodbye to his boys, a glass of Scotch held firmly in his hand as the ship steamed by. "Mossadeq," he said bitterly, "has not only dug Persia's grave, but he's thrown the Iranians into it."

On to the Hospital. If this was true, Mossadeq and his people seemed willing to take the risks. On the eve of his depar-

ture for New York, the emotional Premier faced a cheering Majlis and—collapsing into sobs—announced his plan for dealing with the British at U.N. "It was to serve world peace that we took this historical step," he proclaimed. In a final burst of tears and cheers, he stumbled to his seat and collapsed. At week's end, having bypassed Manhattan's great hotels and reserved a suite for himself at New York Hospital, the Premier planned for the U.S. to carry on the fight.

As soon as he was in the air, his cabinet began telling the Iranians the price of their proud action. Oil, which gives the British company's stockholders a fine 30% dividend every year, also pays most of the costs of running the Iranian government. Now that it is shut off, the cabinet announced, all Government departments will have their appropriations slashed 15%, all government automobiles, "except those of a few ministers and deputy ministers," will be auctioned, all buildings and road projects under way will be stopped. Iran, like the Britain it fights with, is in for a taste of austerity.

FRANCE

The Heirs of the Widow

Like the Bourbons themselves, the heirs of Charles Sanson were long a potent and continuing force in the affairs of France. Their dynasty outlived that of their royal protectors. In time it too was scattered. But, like the government of France itself, the Sansons' high office and its traditions still persisted, for Charles Sanson was the chief executioner of France.

Charles's work was rough. He had only a big broadax to work with, and often, when his clients lacked the grace to hold still, his mighty swings resulted in bloody mutilation only. Charles would seize his sword then, and stab with a will until the job was done. In payment he got a fixed fee for each execution and the right to draw on the public markets at will for food for himself, his family and two horses.

Bring Back the Block. Charles Sanson was succeeded by his son, who was in turn officially succeeded by his seven-year-old son. Young Charles III had already shown an enthusiastic talent for his inherited role by hanging tight to the legs of many unwilling clients while his father whacked away at their necks. A temporary headsman was appointed to act as regent until Charlie's arms grew strong enough to swing an ax. By the time he reached his majority, the Sanson dynasty had become a kind of headsman's peerage. Brother Nicolas became chief executioner at Rheim and was followed by his son. Sister Anne became the progenitress of a long line of executioners at Soissons.

It was Charles III's eldest son, Charles Henri, who became the *Roi Soleil* of the dynasty. Progressive as well as dedicated, he was enthusiastic over a new invention described to him by Drs. Antoine Louis and Joseph Guillotin and on April 25

* Chief stockholder: the British government.



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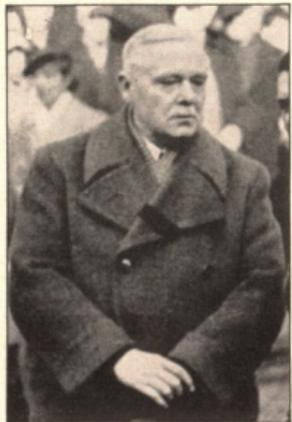
How to turn out a perfect drink. A *really* handy man always starts with Four Roses—a whiskey superb in flavor, supreme in quality. In fact, so many people prefer it that Four Roses outsells *every* other brand at or above its price—even outsells *most* other brands at *any* price.

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**Four
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HEADSMAN DESFOURNEAUX
Despite nervousness, a record.

1792, he tried it out. The Parisian crowds cried, "Bring back the block," but Charles Henri Sanson was well pleased. "Simplicity and absence of noise," he said happily, after the test.

Decline & Fall. By August of that year, the guillotine, which soon became known to all as "The Widow," was knifing through the necks of its first aristocrats. One morning two years later, Charles lopped off 44 heads, twelve of them in 20 minutes—record for the time. He later had the honor of demonstrating his technique personally on his old master, Louis XVI. Charles Henri retired heartbroken when his youngest son fell off a scaffold and broke his neck while triumphantly displaying a severed head to the crowd. His eldest son Henri, executioner of Marie Antoinette, served until 1840 and was succeeded by his son Clément-Henri.

A decadent, sportive wastrel, without tact or any conception of the dignity of his office, Clément disgraced the name of Sanson by establishing a museum of horrors in his home, where for five francs the curious public could watch the family guillotine decapitate a sheep. When he put the guillotine in hock for 3,000 francs and showed up at an execution armed with one of his ancestor's axes, he was finally deposed. Ugly rumor says he eventually became a butcher in Newark, N.J.

Gloves for the Host. Clément's downfall carried his family with him. The French government fired all provincial executioners and appointed a single *Monsieur de Paris* to perform the function. In 1879 the honor fell to one Louis Deibler, heir of a long line of Breton heads-men. Deibler was succeeded by his son Anatole, who ruled the guillotine with honor until 1939. He was succeeded by his nephew, Jules Henri Desfourneaux.

Jules came to office in troublous times. His decapitation of the night-club slayer Eugene Weidmann was accompanied by

such a burst of newsmen's flashbulbs and sob sisters' ink that public executions were barred thenceforth. Once he was arrested on suspicion of being a German paratrooper when his portable guillotine got lost. Thanks to the occupying Germans' zeal for capital punishment, however, he managed to pile up a post-Sanson record of 316 beheadings during his career.

But, unlike his great predecessors, Jules Desfourneaux lacked the grand manner. After each job, he economically removed the cords that bound his victims and stuffed them in his pocket for use on further occasions. His work made him nervous, and he often took roundabout routes to a date for fear of assassins or kidnapers. He was a quiet little man, known to few, but those few always noticed that when he took Communion at church, he pulled on his gloves to receive the host while others took theirs off. In 1934, his only son was drowned. Some say it was in suicidal flight from the prospect of following his father's profession.

Last week at 73, Jules himself died quietly of a heart attack, alone in his Paris apartment. Now that another guillotine dynasty had ended, his successor would probably be either of his chief assistants, the one who is a butcher by trade or the one who is a barber.

ITALY

Black Market in Blanks

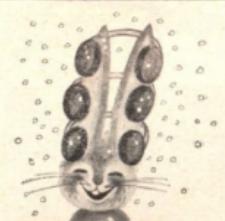
Tax collecting in Italy is a cat & mouse game, well understood by both sides. Italian taxpayers declare only a tiny fraction of their true incomes; the government in return automatically triples whatever declaration the taxpayer makes. This year, at the urging of U.S. Marshall Plan officials, the government decided to reform all that. Under the new tax law, filled with all kinds of clauses to tempt the taxpayer to be honest, income tax blanks went on sale (another curious Italian custom) in the nation's tobacco shops at 25 lire (4¢) each. But last week, when tax returns fell due, the mice couldn't get at the cheese. Speculators had bought up the whole available supply of tax blanks, and were selling them at black market prices ranging up to 500 lire (80¢) a blank.

CHINA

Oriental Red Square

From all over Asia—and from Russia—official guests journeyed to Peking to help China's Communists celebrate the second anniversary of their sweep to power. The first thing the guests learned about Chinese Marxism was that when it came to lodging and victualing them, at bowing favored guests to ringside tables and stashing the rest behind potted palms, the Chinese showed as much talent as the maître d'hôtel of any decadent capitalist night-club. Guests were divided into five classes. Class A got Peking's luxurious Hotel Waggon-Lits. Class B was put up in spacious villas such as the outlying Sapphire Bright Farmstead, once the home of a rich family. Classes C, D and E were bedded down

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The Products of Peace. Apart from Russia's Propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, the Class A guests were mostly from the wobbly-neutral Asian states: India sent 14 men, headed by one Pandit Sundaril and including Nehru's lackluster brother-in-law, Huthi Singh; Indonesia sent three delegates, Burma seven.*

The lovely city of Peking had no Red Square, like Moscow's. So the Reds made one. In Gate-of-Heavenly-Peace Square, at the gates to the Forbidden City of the Manchus, where Mao now dwells in palatial simplicity, the army had laid a new roadway strong enough to sustain the crunch of parading Red tanks. Red bunting had been distributed to citizens by the bolt—even the coolies' rickshaws were red-draped. A band of 700 musicians played the new song, *The East Is Red, the Sun Is Rising*; schoolchildren released thousands of peace doves, which flapped out of sight while for six hours the products of peace trod by: paratroopers, light and heavy tanks (Soviet-made), howitzers, armored cars, and 400,000 civilians, pulling floats and flaunting menacing banners. Mao arrived at the scene in a shiny cultural contribution of the New China: its first homemade jeep.

The Payoff of Protocol. In the banquets and speeches that followed, the Indonesians were polite but not Reddish; they have been having Communist trouble at home. The Burnese did a little better: their chief delegate toasted Mao and denounced the U.S. But the real payoff for the Reds came from Pandit Sundaril, who had arrived in Peking proclaiming that India wants China's friendship, but also America's and Britain's. He had been "deeply impressed," he said, by what he saw: "Every Indian knows that the Soviet Union stands for peace, that China stands for peace . . . We firmly believe that, under the leadership of Stalin and Mao, we can achieve the unity of people throughout the world."

The men who passed out the seating arrangements in Gate-of-Heavenly-Peace Square were well rewarded for putting the Indians in Class A.

The Wolf Enters

"I have a foreboding that something dangerous will happen to me for having spoken out so frankly, and the missionaries here fear that my fate will be the same as that of so many bishops in certain Red countries . . . We shall see. We are tranquil, but our sorrow lies in the fear that we may be expelled from China and have to leave our flock here and see the wolf enter the fold to make havoc of so many souls."

So wrote Archbishop Gaetano Pollio, a slim, scholastic man with a black goatee. He saw the danger coming, but he would

* Howard Fast, the Communist novelist, was invited, but since the State Department took away his passport, sent word that he is "a sort of house prisoner within the continental limits of the United States."



Acme

SIR HENRY GURNEY

Beyond the marker, the marksmen.

not leave his see of Kaifeng, in Honan. Nor would he have any truck with the bogus Catholic Church which the Communists were trying to set up. He prayed, he waited, he stayed.

The Reds staged anti-Pollio demonstrations, plastered Kaifeng with posters—one of them proclaimed that "Pollio is the son of a dog and a horse," which, in China, combines the insult of animal ancestry with the insult of miscegenation. Last spring, Bishop Pollio asked some Red hoodlums outside his church to take their noise elsewhere. The Reds cried that he was "interfering with the liberties of the people," and he was jailed.

In jail he stayed until a fortnight ago, when he was accused for the first time, and tried before a muttering audience of 2,300. He was sentenced to serve six months (which he had already served), and told to get out of China. This week Archbishop Pollio reached Hong Kong and freedom, saddened by the knowledge that his flock was now the wolf's.

MALAYA

Servant of Empire

Sir Henry Lovell Goldworthy Gurney, 53, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom to the Federation of Malaya, was a man who seemed to be precisely what he was—a stern and incorruptible servant of Empire. Like a hundred colonial administrators before him, he was a public-school man (Winchester) and an Oxford graduate. He served his apprenticeship in jungles from Jamaica to the Gold Coast, and everywhere earned a reputation as "a man who got things done." The conversation of friends discussing Sir Henry in clubs near Whitehall was seldom if ever leavened with warm, personal anecdote, but words like "courage," "imperceptible" and "dogged determination" invariably punctuated it.

Defiant Pennant. In 1946 Henry Gurney was appointed to the ticklish post of Chief Secretary to the embattled British mandatory government of Palestine. He called for martial law, and applied the stringent methods he had learned in the jungle to *Irgun's* terrorists. Then in 1948, British High Commissioner Sir Edward Gent died in an airplane crash on his way home to London to report on the rising Red menace in the jungles of Malaya. Sir Henry Gurney was ordered to Malaya. In London, the Opposition questioned his fitness for the job (he had never been to Malaya), and the local planters were not reassured when he arrived, as he put it, "with an open mind and no knowledge of the country." But the rebels were more respectful. They threatened to kill him.

Sir Henry replied in kind: "We are fighting militant Communism and we intend to finish it off." With calm assurance, he urged planters and tin miners to stay at their posts. He pleaded with Whitehall for more troops, built up the native army from four to six battalions, and launched a vast resettlement scheme to separate the Communists from their sources of supply. His men razed whole villages for aiding the Reds and penned up 120,000 Malayan Chinese. He constantly left his snug headquarters at Kuala Lumpur to roam the jungles in his car, his official red-striped pennant a conspicuous target for snipers. He became, as he intended, a symbol of British determination and doggedness.

At Marker 56. Last week, word flashed through the jungles that Sir Henry and his lady would take a weekend holiday at the British resort of Fraser's Hill, 64 miles north of the capital, deep in Communist country. For several days, police and soldiers combed the road in search of possible ambush points. They found none as far as they went, but unaccountably turned back at the 56-mile marker. (Had they gone half a mile farther, they might have found, along a 400-yr. S bend in the highway, 38 skillfully concealed positions, some of them constructed of firewood faggots.) Next day, with his pennant bravely flying and escorted by an armored truck and a radio van, Sir Henry's official Rolls-Royce set out. As they reached the double hairpin turn beyond the 56-mile marker, a volley cracked. Sir Henry's driver fell dead. Two tires squished flat and the governor himself felt the sting of a bullet. He pushed Lady Gurney to the floor of the car, told her to stay down, opened the door and staggered, badly wounded, along the road, deliberately drawing the fire away from the Rolls. A fusillade of shots followed his staggering figure; he fell face down in the road. For 20 minutes the police exchanged shots with the ambuscaders, then reinforcements arrived and the Communists fled. Sir Henry Gurney was past help by then. His wife was unhurt.

Five companies of British and Gurkha troops combed the vicinity but failed to turn up the bandits. Finally, in outrage and frustration, the R.A.F. flew in and bombed the whole area steadily for five hours.

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CHILE

Uranium Find

President Gabriel González Videla announced last week that uranium had been discovered in Chile. Geologists of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, secretly brought in last year by the Chilean Development Corp. (Fomento) to explore likely areas in north central Chile, found two deposits near La Serena and Vallenar. Proclaiming that "the discovery will bring the country unsuspected wealth," President González asked Congress for a law that will place all Chilean uranium under government control.

CANADA

Royal Entrance

In the chill of a gathering fog, porters loaded 97 pieces of baggage aboard the big-bellied BOAC Stratocruiser *Canopus* at floodlit London Airport. Just before midnight, as hundreds of well-wishers cheered, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh got aboard; it was the first overseas flight for an heir to the British throne. At 12:31 a.m., the *Canopus* took off into the mist. Back on the tarmac, Queen Elizabeth blew a last kiss, said to a companion: "I'm full of envy."

Hours later, at 20,000 feet over the Atlantic—while Elizabeth slumbered in the 6-by-4-ft. bed of her private cabin—the plane began to nudge the edge of a hurricane. The pilot, Captain Oscar Philip Jones, 52, veteran of 3,000,000 air miles,

* Named after the second brightest star. In Greek mythology, *Canopus* was the steersman of famed Menelaus, king of Sparta and husband of even more famed Helen of Troy.



ST. LAURENT GREETS ROYAL GUESTS
10,000 miles of expectation.



shifted his flight to a bleak stop at Gander, Newfoundland. Airborne again after two hours, Elizabeth visited Jones at the controls—asking, he reported later, "some knowledgeable questions." At noon the plane let down through heavy overcast at Montreal's Dorval airport before a crowd of more than 25,000 people.

The first crack of a 21-gun salute greeted the princess when she appeared in the doorway. She wore a slate-blue dress, matching velvet hat, mink jacket and black laced, high-heeled shoes (the first of many expected fashion hints). Followed by Prince Philip, in a Royal Navy lieutenant commander's uniform, she walked down the steep steps to be greeted by Viscount Alexander and Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. Smiling, wholly composed, Elizabeth quickly reviewed an R.C.A.F. honor guard, then with her husband boarded a black Chrysler convertible which swung slowly past the cheering crowd to a special, ten-car train at a nearby siding. Their month-long, 10,000-mile tour, which will include a visit to Washington, had begun.

All across the Dominion, local officials were in a dither of preparation and expectation. As the fuss and festivity of the royal tour got underway, the *Times* of London struck the proud note of empire: "Wherever [Elizabeth] goes, she represents the future of the British Commonwealth, and how much of that future may belong to Canada, it would be difficult to overestimate."

Ready for Alerts

The shortest distance from Russia to America's industrial heart lies across the North Pole and down through the expanse of Canada. Last week, to help guard this vital approach, four more zones of a coast-to-coast air-defense system went into operation along the Canadian-U.S. border.

On the U.S. side, Air Defense Identification Zones (ADIZes) are up to 535 miles deep; on the Canadian side (CADIZes) they are narrower (see map) and there is a gap in the prairie belt where the system is not yet in operation. Areas on both sides of the border are rigidly policed. Airmen planning to fly in them must file a flight plan; failure to do so is punishable by a \$10,000 fine and a year's imprisonment. Radar stations plot the flight to make sure an expected plane is no more than five minutes off schedule or 20 miles off

course. If an aircraft is not identified within three minutes, R.C.A.F. (or U.S.A.F.) fighters streak skyward.

If the plane appears hostile, a yellow alert (attack likely) is flashed to civil-defense officials in the potential target area. A red alert (attack) is the signal for sirens to wail and people to seek shelter. Meanwhile, in defense jargon, fighters will "take appropriate action," i.e., try to shoot down the intruder.

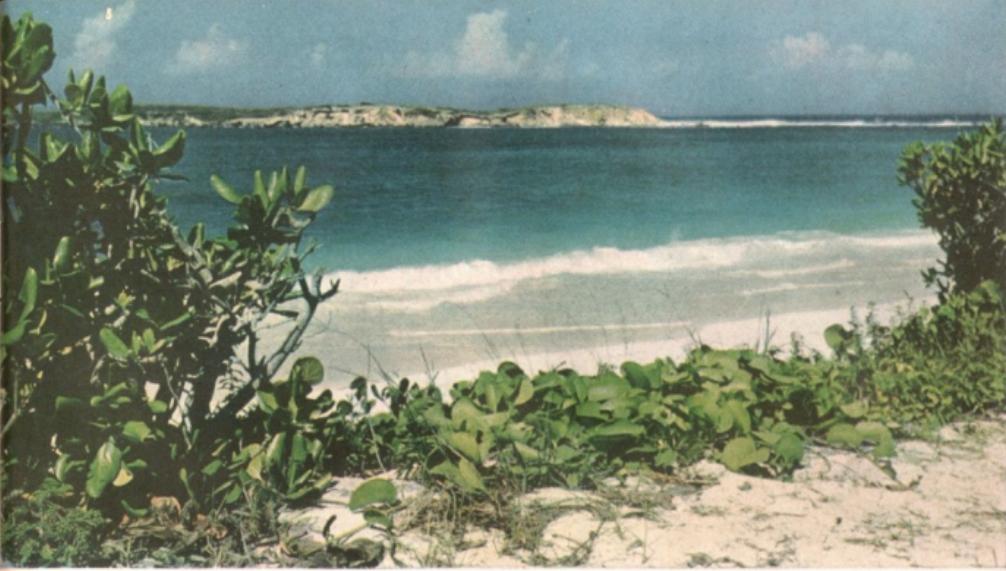
THE CARIBBEAN

Shrunken Santos

When old Latin America hands reminisce about bad days in the Caribbean, they usually agree that the 1908-55 regime of Juan Vicente Gómez in Venezuela was unsurpassed in greed, cruelty and lust. Ignorant, fierce-mustached Gómez brought to Caracas' Miraflores Palace the bandit morals of the 19th Century *caudillos* he admired, the manners of the peon he was, the behavior of the bulls he raised. The nation's treasury and the nation's women were his; he liked to share these booms with his bastard brothers and with the 100 or so bastard sons he sired.

The most indulged of his male relatives was half-brother Santos Matute Gómez, whom Juan Vicente named president of the state of Zulia in 1918. For a while, the corpulent Santos was content to live on the heavy tribute he exacted from Maracaibo bordello. Later, in a historic act of direct plunder, he loaded \$3,000,000 in gold from the state treasury aboard a German airliner and took off for the Dutch island of Curaçao. Juan Vicente clucked at such mischief, and on Santos' return made him president of the state of Cárabobo. When Juan Vicente died in 1935, Santos flew off to Curaçao again, this time with \$45 million in bootie. Then he dropped from the public eye.

Last week, when it seemed that the Gómez scandals had long since become nothing more than talk for oldtimers, there came a faint but ringing echo from the regime of rape and rapaciousness. A shrunken man in his 70s stood before a court in law-abiding San José, Costa Rica, and paid a fine after conviction on a morals charge involving minor girls. The culprit was sick and lonely but no down & out. An arrogant sybarite, he gave his name to the court as Santos Matute Gómez.



GRAHAMS HARBOR is island's best anchorage in a norther; rocky peninsula across the water is site Columbus picked for a fortress.

SAN SALVADOR

Christopher Columbus and his mutinous crew were 70 days out of Palos, Spain (with a month's layover in the Canary Islands) when they finally sighted land—not the golden Indies they sought, but a coral island in a sapphire sea. In his journals, Columbus rejoiced in the island's green beauty and its gentle, handsome people (the now-extinct Lucayans); and he made note of a rocky peninsula which in two days could be made a mighty island fortress.

Little (12 miles long, 7 wide) San Salvador had found a place in history, but it remained a lonely outpost of the vast New World. Surrounded by dangerous reefs, it is seldom

visited even today, and is one of the least-known of the 690 islands in the Bahama group. Its natives, descendants of Africans released there in 1837, eke out a primitive existence on rocky land. A weekly mail and supply boat provides the only regular connection with the outside world.

Two months ago, in the year that marks the 500th anniversary of Columbus' birth, San Salvador was rediscovered. A company of U.S. Army engineers are now building a permanent installation on the island. Not quite the fortress Columbus had in mind, it will be a link in the chain of check-point & control stations for guided missiles fired from the U.S. mainland—a New World answer to Old World threats.

ARMY BARRACKS house U.S. Engineers building a guided missiles base on wind-swept shore. At first, supplies were parachuted in.

Photos by Boris Artzybasheff





DIXON HILL LIGHTHOUSE, on ridge beyond San Salvador's salt lakes, is a major beacon on the U.S.-to-South America ship lane.



ABANDONED HOTEL was built by Sir Harry Oakes, murdered tycoon.



CATHOLIC CHURCH is one of four churches on the island (pop. 700).



COCKBURN TOWN's one & only street is deserted in noonday sun.



LIMESTONE HUTS, palmetto-roofed, are scattered across the island.

PEOPLE

The World of Ideas

Noting that *Rachel (The Sea Around Us)* Carson had agreed to do the commentary for the Toscanini-NBC Symphony recording of Debussy's *La Mer*, which will be released this fall, the New York *Times*' Book Columnist David Dempsey concluded: "This opens up practically unlimited possibilities for authors who would like to do a little music commenting on the side. *Hemingway* could take *Carmen*; *Anne Morrow Lindbergh*, *The Flying Dutchman*; *Lin Yutang*, *Chopsticks*; etc."

Hastings William Sackville Russell, twelfth Duke of Bedford, a pamphleteering pacifist and animal lover who once had a private zoo for a hobby and became an expert on the mating habits of spiders, announced from his home in Woburn, England that he has developed a strain of homing parrots. They fly free during the day, he said, but return home at night to eat, sleep and breed.

In Columbus, Ohio's Gov. Frank J. Lausche duly observed National Newspaper Boy Day by turning out at the crack of dawn, walking a route with 14-year-old Bob Medors.

Arriving in Manhattan to begin her "final" visit and lecture tour, onetime Opera Star Mary Garden announced that after the exhausting ordeal was over she would head for a summer rest in Corsica, "because it's the one place where you can live with nature. You can bathe any way you want, and no one pays any attention at all."

Flying the same Beechcraft Bonanza used by the late Bill Odom for his 1949 record hop from Honolulu to Teterboro, N.J., Illinois Congressman Peter F. Mock Jr., 34, left Springfield on the first lap of his round-the-world "Abraham Lincoln Good Will Tour." The purpose: to visit the people of some 30 nations and convince them that "Americans don't want war any more than they do." He expects to be home by January with some results to report.

The Spanish embassy in Washington announced that a special guest would be on hand to help with the annual Columbus Day celebrations: Christopher Columbus, 26, the 17th Duke of Veragua, a lieutenant in the Spanish navy who also holds the honorary rank of Five-Star Admiral of Spain, and a special title granted to the direct descendant of the discoverer, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea.

While their parents, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, were busy packing for their trip to Canada and the U.S. (see THE HEMISPHERE), the royal train carrying Princess Anne and Prince Charles home to London from Balmoral stopped at Aberdeen. The young prince decided to have a peek at the outside world, hefted his little sister to the nearest window to share the view, where a photographer got a picture of the wide-eyed little tourists.

ism in the final strangling scene. He banged the head of Gudrun Muir, his young Scottish Desdemona, so hard on the wooden base of her deathbed that she nearly passed out. Said she: "I was dazed for some minutes, but Orson's forceful acting pulled me around." Noted the *Evening Chronicle* critic: "... At times he seemed to lack the lover's tenderness, reserving his powers more for the explosive moments." Welles gave his own last verdict later, at a champagne party for the cast: "I am ambitious. I am great."

Tennessee's Democratic Representative Pat Sutton, 35, who won a Purple Heart and a Distinguished Service Cross as a Navy "Frogman" in the Pacific, came through another skirmish with flying colors and a swollen right fist. While he was on his way home with a midnight hamburger, a gunman stepped out of an alley near the Capitol. "He told me to 'stick 'em up,'" said Sutton, "and I just socked him. That's all. I knocked him down and he was out."

Debits & Credits

In the gilt courtroom of the Palais de Justice in Paris, a Hindu hotel owner by the name of Hofsep Madath accused Prince Aly Khan of a lowdown horse-trading deal. The four-year-old Farad which Aly sold him turned out to be a wheezer, said the plaintiff, and he wanted his money back. Aly calmly denied the charge. "My horses don't wheeze," said he, and pointed out further that the horse had already paid off most of its purchase price (\$4,300) in prize money. The court, asking time to consider the case, adjourned for three weeks.

Wine, women, gambling and "lack of moral responsibility," said F.B.I. Chief J. Edgar Hoover, are causing an alarming increase in bank embezzlements. The increase so far this year: almost 9%, mainly in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, New York, Michigan and Illinois.

Cinemactor Errol Flynn, a notable fistcutter on & off the screen, filed an uncharacteristically plaintive suit in the Bahamas Supreme Court. He was standing quietly in a Nassau bar last spring, said Flynn, when wealthy Duncan McMartin, a Canadian gold miner, gave him "a vicious blow on the head." The bop was worth \$224,000, Flynn claimed, because it kept him from earning at least \$300,000 in the next six months.

In appreciation for U.S. aid during the famine threat last winter, the government of Marshal Tito offered some gifts in return: a villa with swimming pool and tennis court, which is being used as the American ambassador's residence in Belgrade; another building in Zagreb for the U.S. consulate.

For rescuing two of his men under enemy fire, General Matthew B. Ridgway awarded the Silver Star medal to Captain William D. Clark, 26-year-old son of General Mark Clark. Another Silver Star for gallantry in action went to former Lightweight Boxing Champ Lew Jenkins, now a master sergeant in the 2nd Infantry Division.



PRINCESS ANNE & PRINCE CHARLES
A peek for wide eyes.

Patients & Fortitude

In Colorado Springs, while filming an action scene in *The Korean Story*, Actor Robert Mitchum leaped into a foxhole, limped out again to report that he had broken three toes on his right foot.

For his pre-London tryout of *Othello*, Orson Welles chose the city of Newcastle, where he gave his first-night audience a generous combination of Shakespeare and Welles: trick stage changes, recorded sound effects, and some unexpected real-



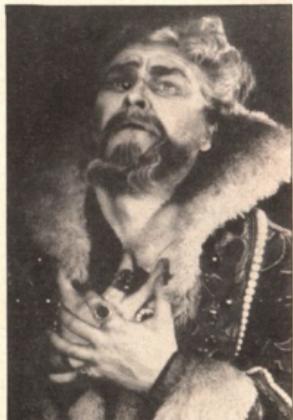
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS
Five stars for a lieutenant.

MUSIC

Best Since Chaliapin?

The program called the newcomer a basso, and he looked like a big one. But San Francisco operagoers, knowing that there are no great dramatic bassos around these days, sat back to listen in medium apathy. Next thing they knew, they were on the edge of their seats. Nicola Rossi-Lemeni was giving them *Boris Godunov* at the top of its style.

In the mad scene, he looked as though he might chew up every backdrop in California; with a rich, bellowing bass to match his histrionics, the effect was heroic. After the death scene, the bravos all but blew the house in. Even the critics sounded their A's. The *Chronicle's* Alfred Frankenstein: "Never before have I heard



BASSO ROSSI-LEMENI

As if to chew up every backdrop.

an audience gasp when an operatic hero fell dead; this is the final measure of the conviction with which Rossi played *Boris*." Declared Critic Cecil Smith in the *News*: "The most commanding Boris since Chaliapin."

Handsome young (30) Basso Rossi had appeared from nowhere, so far as most San Franciscans were concerned. But it was neither his U.S. debut nor his first U.S. critical rave. He was one of 25 unhappy European singers who were stranded in Chicago four seasons ago when their impresario went broke (TIME, Feb. 10, 1947). The Chicago *Tribune's* captious Claudia Cassidy got him to sing a few bars of *Lamentation of a Siberian Prisoner* to her over the telephone. She compared him to Chaliapin and Pinza.

Son of an Italian army officer and a Russian mother, Rossi did not decide on a singing career until 1943. Up to that time, he meant to be a diplomat. But after a spell in the Italian army he became a

the perfect aperitif

Dubonnet

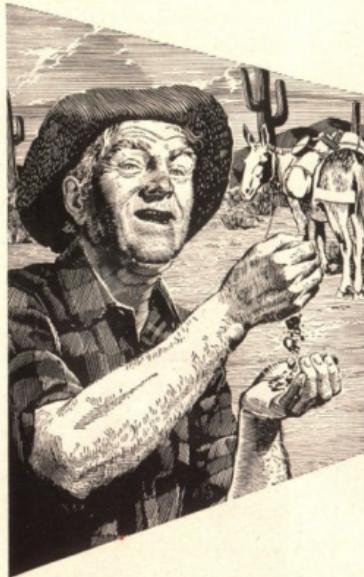
Straight...as a prelude to pleasure in eating, serve well chilled, no ice. Twist of lemon peel.

Cocktail...to make meals merrier, mix one half Dubonnet, and one half gin. Stir with ice. Strain. Twist of lemon peel.

On the Rocks...pour over cubes of ice, serve with twist of lemon peel.



Dubonnet Aperitif Wine...Product of U.S.A., Copr. 1950, Dubonnet Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.



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partisan liaison man with the Allies, and began to roar out folk songs at soldier parties. He won so much local fame that the mayor of Verona asked him to sing a concert. Since then, Rossi has studied opera with the devotion of a monk. By last year, his big bass had filled every major opera house in Italy and several in Latin America. He now doubts that diplomats have so much fun.

The Last Name

Busy as ever shaking up the old Met, Rudolf Bing announced last week that he will have 16 new singers this season, and two one-shot directors from Broadway: Alfred Lunt (*Cosi Fan Tutti*) and the Old Vic's Tyrone Guthrie (*Carmen*). Bing's new roster ended with dancers, and the



Associated Press
DANCER COLLINS
First at the Met.

name of a new *premiere danseuse*, New Orleans-born Janet Collins, of last season's Broadway show, *Out of This World*. That was where the reporters found their headlines. In the 68-year history of the Met, *Premiere Danseuse* Collins is the first Negro to become a member of the regular company.

The Dybbuk

In Jewish lore, a "dybbuk" is the soul of someone who dies without fulfilling his destiny; to earn eternal rest, the soul must return to earth and find fulfillment in the body of somebody else. *The Dybbuk* of Russian Playwright S. Ansky has been an international stage classic for 30 years. A lot of people were sure it would make first-class opera, but all attempts seemed to end in failure.

Two Oregon-born brothers, Alex and David Tamkin, finished an operatic version in 1933. Met Conductor Artur Bodanzky saw it and liked it, but died before he could get it produced. Over the years, *The*

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Dybbuk inhabited several other composers, among them Hollywood's Dimitri Tiomkin. Two years ago, excerpts from the Tamkin work were presented in Portland, Ore. Last season the New York City Opera scheduled a production, but postponed it "for economy." Last week the Tamkin *Dybbuk* finally found fulfillment, and Manhattan's City Center Theater was packed for the world première.

Alex Tamkin stayed close to the theme of Ansky's tragedy for his English libretto, produced what the brothers call "a story of Romeo and Juliet set forth in . . . cabalistic symbolism." An impoverished young Talmudic scholar named Channon wants to marry Leah, the daughter of a practical bourgeois type who thinks his daughter can do a lot better. Torn with



Cosmo-Siteo

NEWAY & ROUNSEVILLE
With the wedding veil, cohabitation.

love and bitterness, Channon studies mystic books, tampers with the supernatural, and is struck dead. But he returns as a *dybbuk*, to inhabit the body of Leah herself, just as she is presented with her wedding veil. In the final act, a rabbi exorcises the *dybbuk*, but Leah collapses, to join her beloved Channon in death.

Librettist Alex had a good story and told it well. And Composer David had the taste not to try to drown out the drama onstage with too much brass from the pit. His score, dramatic and often lyrical, was not always distinguished. But together, action and music moved on to the climax with the inevitability of a conveyor belt.

The New York City Opera atoned for its delay with a brilliant production. With fine dramatic performances by Soprano Patricia (*The Consul*) Neway and Tenor Robert (*Tales of Hoffmann*) Rounseville, *The Dybbuk* was well worth the 18-year wait.



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RELIGION

A Trumpet for All Israel

(See Cover)

Wrapped in his long-fringed, white prayer shawl, and dressed in a white linen robe, Rabbi Finkelstein stood on the dais; looking to the East, with his back to the congregation, he faced the Ark of the Covenant. On the lectern before him lay the great scrolls of the Torah, the book of the law of Moses. Rabbi Finkelstein's clenched right hand beat upon his breast in the traditional gesture of sorrow. Clear and strong, in the twang and guttural of the Hebrew chant, his voice rose:

*"Eloheinu velecho abotenu—
Our God and God of our fathers, let our
prayer come before thee;*

last time on Yom Kippur, the mood traditionally changes to one of joy and hope. The New Year has indeed begun.

For Rabbi Louis Finkelstein, teacher of future rabbis at Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary and leader of perhaps the most influential school of Jewish theology in the U.S. today, the *shofar* will herald the most stirring joy and hope of a lifetime. For he believes—and on abundant evidence—that U.S. Jews are returning to their synagogues and temples as never before.

The old, half-deserted synagogues are filling up again, new congregations are forming, new synagogues are being built. Young married couples are sending their children to religious schools to learn the fundamentals of their faith—then form-



MANHATTAN'S TEMPLE EMANU-EL (REFORM)
The New Year has indeed begun.

*hide not thyself from our supplication,
for we are not arrogant
and stiff-necked, that we should say
before thee, O Lord our God
and God of our fathers, we are righteous
and have not sinned; but
verily, we have sinned."*

Thus in Manhattan, and in almost every other corner of the world, one day this week, as they have for thousands of years, Jews prayed to the God of their fathers. It was the most dreadful and solemn day of the solemn and dreadful Jewish Year—Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. During the ten-day period of penitence beginning with Rosh Hashanah, tradition teaches, each man's deeds are judged in heaven, to be punished or rewarded in the year ahead.

It is for this that Jews call the ten days the *Yamin Noraim*—the Days of Fear. But when the trumpet call of the ram's-horn *shofar* has split the air for the

ing study groups so that they will know what their children are talking about. The word that such young Americans use, over & over again, when they are asked what they are looking for, is "heritage."

"When I was a seminary student, 40 years ago," says Finkelstein, "it seemed so clear to us that our faith could not survive here that we even wondered for what purpose in the Divine Economy the Jews had been brought to the New World." The ghetto and the pogrom had annealed Judaism in the hearts of countless generations of Jews, almost since the great dispersion. But in the freedom and prosperity of the Melting Pot, that branded faith seemed to be fading out. Says Finkelstein:

"Then came a tragedy which none of us had foreseen. The great First Century Rabbi Eliezer once said: 'The Messiah will never come until the Jewish people repent.' When they asked him, 'What if the Jews do not repent?' he answered: 'The Lord will raise up a king worse than

Haman⁶ to smite them, and then they will repent.' This is just what happened. Hitler was something we never thought possible."

"I remember how stricken we were when 47 Jews were killed in a pogrom in the Ukraine. We had days of mourning and fasting. But six million! That dreadful calamity—and the whole spiritual and material crisis of our time—are bringing American Jews back to the faith of their fathers."

The Law Endures. There is no one spokesman for U.S. Judaism, no central authority, no High Priest. All good Jews, in varying degrees of literalness, believe in the Law, but U.S. Judaism is a spectrum shading off by minute gradations from ultra-orthodoxy to ultra-modernism. In this spectrum, Finkelstein, a traditionalist with one keen, dark eye on the future, stands almost dead center.

Judaism's spectrum can be roughly divided into three parts, roughly equal in number of active followers⁷ and reflecting three traditions in U.S. Judaism:

Orthodox Judaism tries to maintain the letter of the Law. To the outsider it sometimes looks like literalness and nothing else. It is a religion that demands strict, hour-by-hour adherence to sacred custom. Promptly at sundown each Friday night, the Sabbath begins, and Orthodox Jews are required to be indoors (to travel in a vehicle on the Sabbath is counted as a sin). Twenty minutes before sundown, the housewife lights the candles which will burn through the Sabbath's 24 hours; any other lights must be turned on before that time. Synagogue services are entirely in Hebrew, and men & women sit apart, with their heads covered. The Orthodox Jew is expected to study the Torah every day and to observe the dietary laws with such strictness that separate plates and utensils must be used for cooking milk and meat dishes. On Yom Kippur, Orthodox Jews keep an absolute fast for 24 hours, and should spend about 13 hours at the synagogue in five services. Their strictly regulated life sets them apart from the rest of mankind, and is intended to: with a persistence undiminished by centuries, they feel themselves to be the Chosen People.

Reform Judaism in the U.S. is barely 75 years old. It was affected almost equally by 19th Century idealism and 19th Century skepticism. Its first leaders were German rabbis, some of whom carried the new doctrines to Britain, France and the U.S. Reform Jews pay scant attention to dietary laws, hold their services mainly in English, the principal one on Friday evening instead of Saturday (a few hold it on Sunday), and stress the ethical teachings of the prophets more than the ritual laws of Torah and Talmud. With the Reform

⁶ An enemy of the Jews whose story is told in the Book of Esther.

⁷ There is no agreement about the exact number of Orthodox, Reform and Conservative Jews. Best current estimates: about 175,000 "families" enrolled in U.S. Orthodox congregations, 140,000 in Reform congregations, 150,000 in Conservative congregations. But each group claims a large additional number of unenrolled worshippers.



PRESIDENT ADLER

JEWISH THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
God's covenant with Israel is an inescapable covenant.

Jews, the sense of being a chosen people is dim or extinct.

Conservative Judaism is newer still, and born in the U.S. It represents a middle way between Orthodox and Reform Judaism. Its founders considered Orthodoxy too adamantly withdrawn from U.S. life, Reform too spiritually attenuated. They fashioned a synagogue service in which English is used but Hebrew predominates. Men & women sit together, as they do in Reform congregations; the men cover their heads, as among the Orthodox. Conservative Jews are taught that, as Jews, they have been chosen by God for a spiritual purpose—but that those of other faiths, including Christians and Moslems, have also been chosen. Conservative Judaism is the middle ground on which Rabbi Finkelstein has taken his stand.

"Service Is Not Exclusive." The citadel of Conservative Judaism is the Jewish Theological Seminary, and Rabbi Finkelstein has been its president for eleven years. With his flashing eyes, floating hair and black beard heavily streaked with grey, he looks, at 56, like a reasonable modern facsimile of an Old Testament patriarch. Sometimes he talks like one, sometimes like the scholar he is—and sometimes like the successful fund-raiser that he is, too.

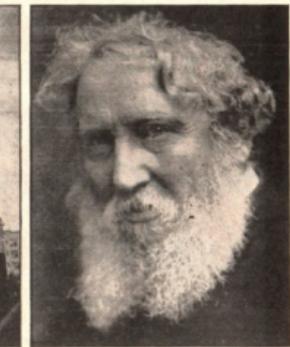
His personal life is Orthodox enough to satisfy a Pharisee. Each morning he rises at 5:30 so that he can attend synagogue services before breakfast. Then for an hour or two before the day's work at the seminary, he prays and studies the Torah. Most of his faculty are equally observant of Jewish law and tradition. But Orthodox Jews are scandalized that some of the seminary's 23-man board of directors are members of Reform synagogues.⁶ And even some Conservative Jews are shocked at Finkelstein's habit of inviting Christian theologians (e.g., Reinhold Niebuhr, of Union Theological Seminary, just across the street) to talk to his students. President Finkelstein has an answer to such

objectors: "The job of special service to God is not exclusive to the Jews."

The Great Confession. Louis Finkelstein was born in Cincinnati on June 14, 1895. His father, Simon J. Finkelstein, a strong-minded Orthodox rabbi from Slobodka, Lithuania, moved to a congregation in Brooklyn when Louis was seven. It was there, in Brooklyn's heavily Jewish Brownsville district, that Louis grew up.

The everyday routine in an old-school Orthodox home might make a Scotch Presbyterian Sunday seem frivolous. But Louis seemed to have been born with a rabbinical cap on his head. "I can't remember a time," he says, "when anything meant more than the study of the Law."

Like every Orthodox Jewish boy, he first learned the great monotheistic confession of faith which every devout Jew hopes to have the strength to repeat on his

SCROLL OF THE TORAH
Clear and strong.
Newspictures

PRESIDENT SCHRECHTER

deathbed: "Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One." He learned the complex system of ritual blessings with which the Orthodox Jew sanctifies every important action of the day: the thanks on awakening (for the day, for the power of sight, for the creation of the earth, for the power to walk, for the renewal of his strength, for not being an idolator or a slave or a woman⁷), the blessings before & after meals, and the special thanks to be offered on such occasions as the sight of trees in springtime, the ocean, a rainbow, or the getting of new possessions.

He learned the 13 points of the creed of the great 12th Century rabbi, Maimonides, the Jewish Aristotle: the belief in God's existence, in His unity, incorporeality, timelessness, and approachability through prayer; the belief in prophecy, in the superiority of Moses to all other prophets, in the revelation of the Law and its immutability, in Divine providence, Divine justice, the eventual coming of the Messiah; the belief in the resurrection and in everlasting life. He memorized the civil and canon law of the Talmud in great early-morning gulps, often leaving home at 5:30 a.m. to study in the synagogue before school. For at least an hour a day, with a rabbinical tutor, he puzzled out the vowelless Hebrew and the interpretations of the sacred text.

Baseball for Rabbis. Louis' closest friend was another young Torah student almost as sober-sided as himself. Solomon Goldman descended from a line of eleven rabbis. Now head of Anshe Emet synagogue in Chicago and one of the most respected scholars in U.S. Judaism, he remembers his friend Louis as painfully shy. In Goldman's house he would often lower his head and walk past Goldman's mother and sisters without a word. Goldman attributes this to Finkelstein's piety: to walk with the head held high, Jewish tradition teaches, is bold and immodest.

For all his painful shyness, Louis Finkel-

⁶ Among them: U.S. Senator Herbert H. Lehman.

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stein was never backward when he had a cause. In order to counteract the drift of Brownsville away from the Torah, he and Sol Goldman launched an intense juvenile crusade—buttonholing youngsters, speaking on street corners, organizing study clubs, and lining up pledges to observe the Sabbath.

Finkelstein graduated from high school in three years, then moved on to New York's City College. He was president of the student Zionist organization—and one of the few Jewish students on friendly terms with the boys in the Roman Catholic Newman Club. But he did not really find his element until he entered Jewish Theological Seminary.

There, his grasp of the Torah soon brought him to the attention of the faculty. White-maned Dr. Solomon Schechter, the seminary's president, took special pains with the shy scholar. Walking with him on the street one day, Dr. Schechter stopped at a newsstand to read the latest World Series scores. "Can you play baseball?" he asked. "No," admitted Finkelstein. "Remember this," said the old man. "Unless you can play baseball, you'll never get to be a rabbi in America."

Scholar Finkelstein got the point and never forgot it—though he never played a game of baseball (or went to a dance, or had a date with a girl in his student days). He took enough interest in the outside world to get himself elected president of his class in its final year. In 1922 he married the sister-in-law of a faculty member, handsome Carmel Bentwich. He has three children: Hadassah, 28, now married to a mathematician and living in Connecticut; Ezra, 24, in his second year at Columbia University's School of International Affairs, and Emanuah, 19, who is training for social work.

After graduating from the seminary, Finkelstein took a small congregation in The Bronx, where he stayed for twelve years. When he was midway in this work, the seminary's next president, Cyrus Adler, persuaded him to join the faculty "for a year or two." He stayed for 15 years, and when Adler died, 44-year-old Louis Finkelstein succeeded him.

Shift of Center. The seminary he was called to lead was neither the oldest nor the biggest in the U.S.* It was founded in 1887, with eight students and three teachers, then met in a small Spanish-Portuguese synagogue. When Louis Finkelstein took over in 1940, it had a set of handsome, six-story Georgian buildings on Manhattan's academy-studded Morningside Heights—and perhaps the most distinguished faculty of rabbinical teachers in the English language. By the standards of 1940, it was turning out a fair number of graduates: eight or ten young rabbis a year, an equal number of qualified teachers for Jewish schools.

As he read the news from Europe, Louis Finkelstein saw a double challenge: 1) thanks to Hitler's campaign against Jewish learning, the seminaries of Central and

* Oldest and biggest: Hebrew Union College (Reform) in Cincinnati.

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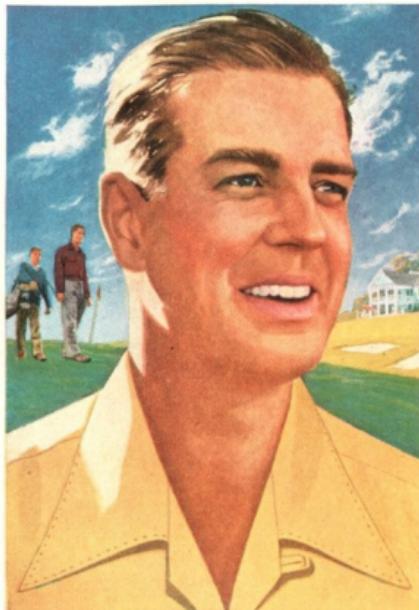
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NEW SYNAGOGUE IN ST. LOUIS*
Even the old ones are filling up.

Gordon Coster—Life

Eastern Europe (e.g., Berlin, Breslau, Vienna) were being wiped out of existence, and 2) the massacre of 6,000,000 European Jews was leaving U.S. Jewry, by simple default, the central Jewish community in the world. Jewish Theological Seminary has grown to meet those challenges as swiftly as possible. It now has 1,000 students enrolled in its four-year courses.

Zion Trouble. In exchanging the life of a teacher for that of an administrator, Finkelstein was true to one of the deepest currents of his faith. For Judaism is a this-worldly rather than an other-worldly religion; its basis is action rather than dogma. Obedience to the Law is far more important than belief. For the Law is truth set forth in terms of action.

As an administrator, a prominent citizen of the Jewish community, Finkelstein was bound to come to grips with Zionism. As a student, he had been attracted by it. But as he grew older, and the political preoccupations of the movement became clearer to him, his zeal for the establishment of a Jewish state began to cool.

The short-lived independence that Judas Maccabeus ripped from the dying body of the Hellenistic Empire in the 2nd Century B.C. seemed to Finkelstein one of the great failures in Jewish history; so, he felt, would be a modern state established by force. Moreover, if U.S. Jews put as much effort into getting D.P.s admitted to the U.S. as they put into Zionism, he thought, a home could be found in the New World for all the dispossessed Jews of Europe.

By the time the Jews began their actual military struggle for Palestine, Louis Finkelstein was definitely a non-Zionist—a stand which looked to Zionists like anti-Zionism. At least one large contributor to

the seminary tore up his usual check. Some of the faculty deeply resented Finkelstein's attitude, and when he refused to let the students sing the Israel national anthem at commencement in 1945, on the ground that a political song has no place at a religious ceremony, the seminary nearly split apart.

Today, now that the issue has simmered down, Finkelstein feels that perhaps he was mistaken, and that the State of Israel may turn out to be a good thing, after all. Relations between the seminary and Israel are now cordial, and Finkelstein will do his best to keep them so.

Isaiah's Meaning? This week, the directors of the seminary announced that Dr. Finkelstein will assume a new post as chancellor, and that his presidential duties will be taken over by a three-man team of two vice chancellors and the seminary provost. Louis Finkelstein hopes the arrangement will give him more time for scholarship, for writing and for travel. But most of all, he hopes it means more time to work for a renaissance of spiritual Judaism in U.S. life.

The auguries of such a renaissance are on all sides, he is sure. "It is not just a transient phenomenon. I predict that within 25 years the vast majority of the five million Jews in this country will have returned to their faith and will be keeping the Sabbath."

"I say 25 years, because the change will come mainly through the young people. Many of the fathers I know can't understand what has happened to their children. A friend of mine who is a very successful industrialist is still amazed by the fact that his son is turning into a brilliant theologian; just a short time ago, I talked to

* Temple B'nai Amoona.



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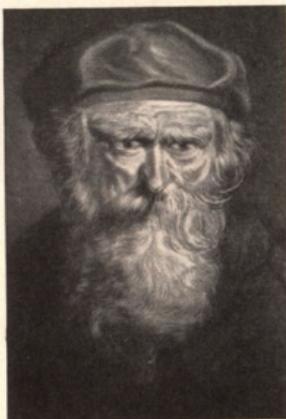
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the 16-year-old boy whose father runs a chain of retail stores. Father wants me to go into his business, he said. I am the only child. But why should I waste my life in business? I want to go to the seminary and become a rabbi.

"[Philosopher] Alfred North Whitehead once said to me: 'What America needs is not a philosopher but a prophet.' What I see and what I hope for the Jewish community in America is that it will give birth to a school of prophets and rise toward its own spiritual potential as a holy people. And this will have a profound effect on America and on the whole world. Even a tiny minority, when they are spiritually dedicated, can have a deep influence on the world around them—like the Essenes among the ancient Hebrews,



The Bettmann Archive

MAIMONIDES
A lasting creed.

or the Pharisees, or the early Christians, or the Quakers.

"To me, the prophetic message is summarized in the idea of the Suffering Servant in Isaiah.* The Christians take this to be the foreshadowing of Jesus Christ, but Jewish tradition sees it as the role of the Jews in the world. And the important part of the concept is the word 'servant.' Suffering, too, if necessary—and it often seems to be necessary. But suffering by itself is not enough."

Impious Question. There must be action and example. One way in which U.S. Jews can serve their country and the world, says Finkelstein, is "by bringing

* E.g., *Isaiah 53:3-5*: "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised; and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."

people together and helping them understand each other."

Finkelstein himself has done plenty to "bring people together." In 1938, he helped found the Institute for Religious and Social Studies, a "graduate school" of clergymen and lay religious leaders, Christian and Jewish, which holds 13 sessions a year in Manhattan and six in Chicago. This year, for the twelfth time, he was elected president of the Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion, which meets each year at Columbia University. "When I am at work on those enterprises," he says, "I feel that I am obeying the commandments just as much as when I go to the synagogue for prayer."

As they grow more spiritually minded, he thinks, U.S. Jews will more & more observe the Law's injunction to make "peace between man and his fellow" a part of their religious duties. "When sometimes I am talking about this and someone asks me why we Jews should bear the burden when other groups don't seem interested in doing anything, I consider it an impious question. Jews must see themselves as God intends them to be—His servants and the servants of mankind."

Challenge & Paradox. For many Jews this will be a hard teaching. God has chosen them for a special purpose, but seemingly the price of God's election has been a bitter portion. Exile, humiliation and persecution have dogged them through history, from Babylon to Buchenwald. Persecution has driven the Jews in upon themselves; they have sometimes set up barriers against the world simply in order to survive. But of what use is their survival, asks Louis Finkelstein, if their mission is forgotten?

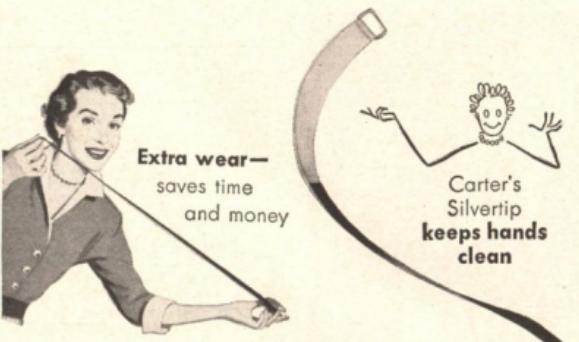
The essence of that mission is a challenging paradox: to be a people set apart—and yet not apart. Louis Finkelstein calls on the withdrawn Jew to serve his old persecutors, his brothers, to join the human race; and calls on the assimilated Jew to take up his heritage.

In modern times, millions of men & women of Jewish origin have renounced Judaism as their spiritual country. Such men & women think (or say they think) that the word "Jew" should be on a par with "Baptist," "Congregationalist" or "Catholic"—and should apply only to the Jews who have elected to be, or to remain, Jews. Rabbi Finkelstein's Torah teaches him that the covenant God made with Israel is an inescapable covenant. "The choosing by God," says he, "was like Selective Service." It is binding on all Jews, to the last generation on earth.

Yom Kippur in this year 5712 was drawing to a close. In the synagogues of the world the chant went up: *Hear, O Israel: the Lord our God, the Lord is One.*

Three times Rabbi Finkelstein and the congregation repeated: *Blessed be His name, whose glorious Kingdom is for ever and ever.* Seven times the shout arose: *The Lord, he is God.*

And the *shofar* of joy and hope sang in the ears of Israel its hoarse, triumphant cry.



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SCIENCE

Leonardo's Machines

That old master of all trades, Leonardo da Vinci, had so many ideas he could never get around to putting them all into practice. His notebooks are filled with detailed drawings of unfinished projects that have always fascinated his latter-day admirers. In its Manhattan headquarters last week, the International Business Machines Corp. put on display a traveling exhibit of 66 models of Leonardo's inventions, built to the master's own specifications by an Italian engineer named Roberto A. Guatelli, who helped build an earlier exhibit in 1939 (TIME, May 29, 1939).

Most of the models work, and all look much too modern to have been invented 450 years ago. One of Leonardo's water turbines is almost up to date. So is his odometer, a device to measure distances by counting the turns of a wheel. His mechanical jack looks as if it had been designed for changing tires on a modern automobile. If Leonardo had had a gasoline engine, his tank (with breech-loading cannon and independent spiked wheels) might have been effective during World War I.

Some of Leonardo's inventions were actually built and used. His canal locks are still in operation near Milan, and they work just like the locks of the Panama Canal. But Leonardo was often too far ahead of his contemporaries. His paddlewheel boat, his cantilever swing bridge, his pumps and his air conditioner (both driven by water power) did not fit the crude technology of the 16th Century. Centuries had to pass before the slow-moving world caught up with Leonardo.

Atomic Glue

The mysteries of matter are arranged in tiers, like a series of dark basements, one below the other, leading down into the earth. When the physicists first discovered nuclear particles (protons and neutrons), they felt that they were close to understanding how atoms are put together. Now they are not so sure. The more they learn about atoms, the more they know they do not know.

Last week Columbia University told about its meson beams, a powerful new tool that the physicists are using to explore the atom's sub-basement of mystery. Columbia's monster cyclotron starts with protons (positively charged nuclear particles), and whirls them around in a spiral path in a vacuum chamber 14 ft. in diameter. When they reach the outside spiral, they are moving at 140,000 miles per second (more than seven-tenths of the speed of light), and carry 385 million electron volts of energy. At the peak of their speed and power, the protons hit a block of beryllium. Out of it sprays a swarm of "pi mesons"—elusive, still-mysterious particles first found in cosmic rays.

Meson Cloud. Physicists say that mesons are matter, but certainly they are matter of a very special kind. Pi mesons, whose mass is 276 times that of an



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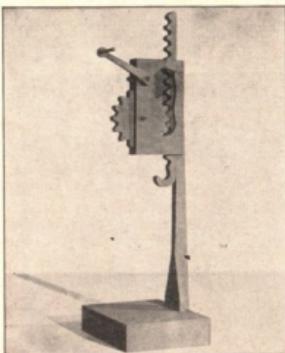
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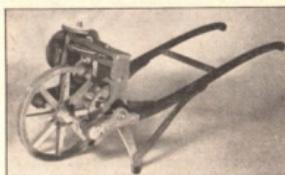
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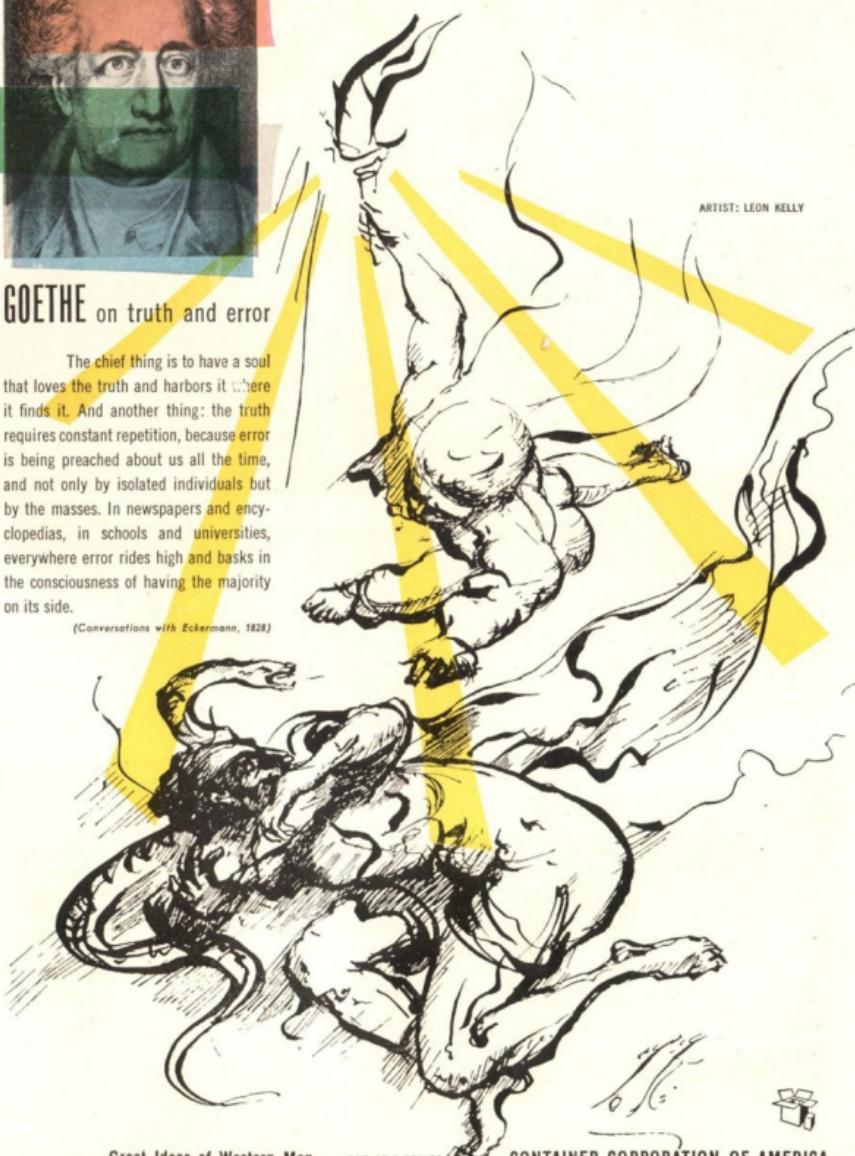


GOETHE on truth and error

The chief thing is to have a soul that loves the truth and harbors it where it finds it. And another thing: the truth requires constant repetition, because error is being preached about us all the time, and not only by isolated individuals but by the masses. In newspapers and encyclopedias, in schools and universities, everywhere error rides high and basks in the consciousness of having the majority on its side.

(Conversations with Eckermann, 1828)

ARTIST: LEON KELLY



Great Ideas of Western Man . . . ONE OF A SERIES

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electron, "live" on the average only three 100-millionths of a second. Then they change into lighter "mu mesons" (210 electron masses), which live somewhat longer, eventually decaying into ordinary electrons. The mass that mesons lose in these transformations turns principally into energy, a striking example of Einstein's principle: that mass is equivalent to energy.

A large part of physical research now centers on mesons. Physicists believe that they are the "glue" that holds atoms together. According to the best-established theory, the nucleons (protons and neutrons that form the nuclei of atoms) have some sort of core surrounded by a cloud of rapidly moving mesons. Each shares its meson cloud with neighboring nucleons. If it were not for this sharing of mesons, the physicists believe, most atoms would fly apart, their protons repelling one another with enormous force.

The theoretical physicists have known about mesons for years, and Nobel Prize-winner Hideki Yukawa predicted their discovery before any were found. But until recently the only way to study mesons was to wait patiently until the proper kind of cosmic ray from space blundered into the physicists' apparatus. Now the big new cyclotrons supply dense beams of mesons, which can be turned on at will.

Unseen Searchlight. Columbia's cyclotron yielded its first meson beam about a year ago, when Dr. Eugene T. Booth (now working on a secret Government project) was in charge of the great machine. Since then, the meson beam has played like an unseen searchlight around the flank of the cyclotron, lighting up dark corners of atomic physics. The mass of the quickly-vanishing pi meson has been measured accurately, as well as its "spin," which is something like rotation. Dr. James Rainwater, the present boss of the cyclotron, is finding out what happens when mesons hit protons, neutrons, or other atomic particles. He hopes that a slight improvement in the cyclotron's internal apparatus will increase its meson yield 1,000 times.

Meson research has not yet produced results that mean much to laymen. But all the world's physicists are watching over the shoulders of the meson men, sure that a moment of great discovery cannot be far away. The present work with the meson beam, meaningless except to experts, is like the dusty digging above an Egyptian tomb, with the burial chamber packed full of fantastic gold only just out of reach.

Satellite XII

The Mt. Wilson Observatory announced last week that it has discovered a twelfth satellite of Jupiter. Astronomer Seth B. Nicholson first spotted its faint image on a routine photograph of Jupiter made with the 100-inch telescope on Mt. Wilson. Photographs made during the next five nights also showed the satellite and proved that it has a definite orbit around the big planet. Satellite XII is probably only about 15 miles in diameter, but Dr. Nicholson is particularly delighted with his



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P.S. The speech was as successful as his Pullman trip.



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find. Since he had already discovered three new satellites of Jupiter, he is now tied with Galileo, whose primitive telescope picked up the first four satellites in 1610.

Diggers

Samothrace, a small island in the Aegean Sea, is now barren and only thinly inhabited. But in classical times it was the center of a fabulous religious cult. From all over the Graeco-Roman world, devotees came to worship "The Great Gods of Samothrace" and to be initiated into their ancient and secret mysteries.

The Great Gods (who never used their real names) were established on Samothrace before the Greeks arrived. For 1,000 years their priests grew fat on the



DR. CAMERON & URARTU STONE
Who's afraid of the Assyrians?

votive offerings of well-heeled worshipers. Ulysses reportedly was a member of the cult; so was L. Calpurnius Piso, father-in-law of Julius Caesar. But in 395 A.D. the worship of the Great Gods was suppressed by the Christian Emperor Theodosius, and their temples were abandoned.

Since before World War II, a group of archaeologists led by New York University's Dr. Karl Lehmann has dug among the ruins of the Great Gods' shrine. The most famous relic, the *Winged Victory* of Samothrace, which stood on the bow of a marble ship heading toward the sea, had been removed to the Louvre, but marble fragments of the shrine's buildings still choke a narrow valley.

Gifts for the Gods. Year after year Dr. Lehmann's workers explored the once-sacred rubble. They uncovered the foundations of a great hall where initiation rites and orgies were once celebrated. They found the bones of sacrificed sheep, and the pits to receive their blood. So far as possible, they put the place in order, though much of the marble had been

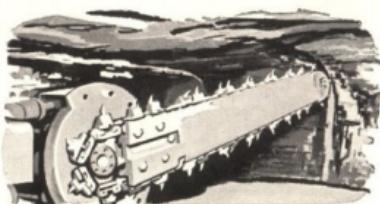
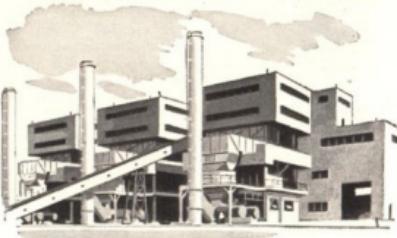


From A to Z it takes a lot of coal!

From the *Aluminum* that goes into an airplane to the *Zinc* used in making a galvanized Quonset hut—almost every defense item you can think of is made with coal or with power from coal. As a matter of fact, almost everything America builds, wears, eats and makes takes coal to produce . . . requires over 500,000,000 tons this year!



To get an idea of the extra demands that America's coal industry must meet today—look at one of these B-36's on the assembly line and you're actually looking at almost 200 tons of coal! For it takes more than a ton of coal to make every ton of aluminum that goes into one of these giant air-battleships, which, with equipment, weighs nearly 360,000 pounds.



The great cutting blade, above, is typical of the highly efficient machines that progressive private management has developed in both the mining of coal and its preparation for market. With a degree of mechanization found nowhere else in the world—America's mines have achieved an output that's unparalleled, too. *The efficiency of America's coal industry and America's vast coal reserves make it certain that coal will continue to be America's most economical and dependable fuel.*

Today's defense needs are on top of all coal used for everyday production by America's steel mills, railroads, public utilities, factories. Coal is America's No. 1 steam fuel because practically everywhere it's the most economical source of power. And today, automatic controls, automatic coal and ash handling apparatus are added reasons for making coal the preferred fuel when cost and dependability count.

To satisfy customers with an ever-better product, the managers of this country's 8,000 bituminous coal mines constantly strive to step up quality and cut costs. They have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in research—in modern mining equipment—and in developing new mine properties. As a direct result of this continuing program of improvement, the output per-man in America's coal mines today is more than 32% greater than in 1939. This is one of the greatest efficiency gains in all-American industry and is bedrock proof that this nation can count on its privately managed coal companies for all the coal it needs to stay strong—to become stronger!

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burned to lime, centuries ago, to make mortar for early Christian churches.

Last summer Dr. Lehmann's workers attacked a shapeless mound near one of the larger buildings. Back in Manhattan last week, Archaeologist Lehmann described the results. Under the rubble they found a well-preserved stucco floor which had been painted red and later green. This, they decided, was the storehouse for votive gifts. Some of the gifts were still there, imbedded in cracks in the floor. Among them were a gold ring, a large silver nail, parts of gilded bronze statues. The style of the building showed that it dated from pre-Greek times, when the Great Gods were young.

On the floor stood a "float": a block of stone with a handle on it, that was used to smooth stonework or stucco. Archaeologist Lehmann likes to think that the float was in use when Emperor Theodosius' edict (and probably the Emperor's soldiers) arrived in the sacred valley, and that it has remained there ever since the day the Great Gods died.

Green Stone. Another group of diggers, led by Dr. George Glenn Cameron of the University of Michigan, reported last week on their trip to the wild mountain country between Iraq and Iran. Their job was to get a perfect mold in a latex rubber compound of a green stone that stands in an inaccessible 11,000-ft. pass looking south toward Mesopotamia. The stone was erected by King Ispuini of the Urartians, a civilized people who lived some 2,800 years ago on the northern border of the great Assyrian Empire. From time to time the Urartians challenged the mighty Assyrians; about 600 B.C. the Assyrians and the Scythians smashed the Urartians.

The Urartians left several hundred stone monuments inscribed in their own language, but no archaeologist has been able to make much out of them. A promising key to Urartian writing is the green stone in the pass—a sort of Rosetta Stone* with identical inscriptions in both Assyrian and Urartian.

Many earlier archaeologists have tried unsuccessfully to copy the inscriptions on the stone. Dr. Cameron's party made two attempts last summer. The first, in June, was frustrated by deep snow still lying in the pass. The second was successful, yielding a perfect latex mold of the inscription on both sides of the stone.

The side facing south toward Assyria is written in Assyrian. It tells how King Ispuini erected the stone to prove he wasn't scared of the Assyrians. The northern side of the stone, facing the Urartu country, repeats the boast in Urartu. By comparing the identical inscriptions, the scholars of the University of Michigan hope to improve their knowledge of the Urartu language, and read from their ancient monuments the stone-written history of the ancient Urartu nation.

* Found in Egypt during Napoleon's occupation in 1799, it carried inscriptions in Greek, hieroglyphic and demotic (the popular script of the late ancient Egyptian period) characters, giving the key to ancient Egyptian writing.

THE CARIBBEAN

New Era in Haiti

The pulsating beat of voodoo tom-toms now has an acoustical rival in the Republic of Haiti. It's the clank of construction, an energetic program, aimed at giving the standard of living a hefty boost, gets under way.

Highlighting the ambitious plans is the \$21,000,000 Artibonite River Development Project. Similar to our TVA, it's slated to provide Haiti with more than 70,000 acres of fertile farmland, plus an extensive electrification program. Behind the Herculean task of harnessing this mighty river will be the skill of U. S. engineers, and footing the major load of the bill will be the Export-Import Bank—with the *proviso that all purchases be made in the United States*.

Also on the agenda is an extensive 5-year plan covering agriculture, schools, sanitation, roads and other public works. Here, as elsewhere, high-quality goods from America will play a major role in meeting the Caribbean demand. Manufacturers who want to learn more about this and other fast-growing Caribbean markets should write for Alcoa's informative booklet, "Export Market Opportunities."

Caribbean Cruise

It's a far cry from the days of buccaneers and conquistadors. Nevertheless, an aura of romance and enchantment still pervades the sunny Caribbean. So say American tourists, who in ever-increasing numbers are discovering for themselves the color and excitement of this picturesque part of the world.

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Scenes like this are an everyday occurrence in countless homes throughout the Caribbean area, where smart housewives insist on U. S. quality merchandise in everything from rouge to refrigerators. And like their American sisters, they prefer to buy at the lowest practical cost. Exporters consequently find that Alcoa's service fits their needs perfectly. For Alcoa offers them not one or two, but seven U. S. ports from which to choose—making it possible to hold rail costs to a minimum. Alcoa's service is backed by more than 20 years of experience, and a fleet of fine, modern freighters covering 59 ports of the Caribbean. For a complete picture of how this efficient and economical service can meet your exporting needs, write today for our folder entitled, "Caribbean Routings at a Glance."

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MEDICINE

Improvised Bone Bank

Olivia Holguin's legs had been useless from birth; she had a twisted wrist and a deformed hand. At 30, she seemed hopelessly crippled. But early this year, Orthopedic Surgeon S. Perry Rogers of El Paso amputated her legs and got ready to fit artificial limbs. Since El Paso has no bone bank, Dr. Rogers (with the patient's permission) kept the amputated bones in his food freezer.

Dr. Rogers got a chance to draw on his improvised bone bank when he was called

mutters something about "strain" and orders the patient to give up some of his favorite activities. This exaggerated caution causes many patients "serious psychologic and economic suffering."

False security, leading to over-exertion, can be far more tragic. A man may have made a good recovery from one heart attack, so that his electrocardiogram looks almost normal. But at the very moment of the reading, a clot may be forming in a coronary artery which will kill him next day.

Dr. Rosenbaum does not recommend



MARTHA, LILY & BENEFACTRESS HOLGUIN
From amputated legs, stronger spines.

Berateran Bros.

in to treat two little girls, Martha Arellano, 7, and Lily Mendoza, 6, who have tuberculosis of the spine. Dr. Rogers used sections of bone from Olivia Holguin's legs to strengthen the little girls' vertebrae. Walking well on her new legs (she used neither crutches nor cane), Olivia Holguin went to Southwestern General Hospital to pay a visit to the children she had helped to mend. Last week, both youngsters went home.

The Machine Is Fallible

Now that the electrocardiograph has become a standard fixture in consulting rooms, doctors and patients often feel that a checkup is incomplete without its routine ceremonial—daubing with salty goo, taping on electrodes, and letting the machine make wavy lines on squared paper. Confidence in this useful machine has gone too far, says Dr. Francis F. Rosenbaum of Milwaukee. Sometimes it sounds a false alarm, sometimes its "all's well" gives a false sense of security.

By itself, says Dr. Rosenbaum, the electrocardiograph cannot tell the heart's whole story. If the graph shows a minor deviation from normal, the doctor usually

junking the electrocardiograph. He insists that its evidence be accepted as only part of the story—along with laboratory tests and thorough physical examination.

Career Woman

When Dr. Florence Rena Sabin went back to Colorado in 1938, she thought she had earned the right to retire and take life easy in her native state. Dr. Sabin, then 67, had been away a long time, gathering high honors in two careers: 1) as a researcher and professor at Johns Hopkins (1902-25), prying into the secrets of the blood stream and the lymphatic glands, and 2) from 1925 on, as the first woman member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (Director Simon Flexner called her "the most eminent of living women scientists"), working on blood cells and tuberculosis.

For a while Florence Sabin lived contentedly with her elder sister Mary in a Denver apartment. She was delighted to have time for her own cooking. But in 1944, Colorado admirers pushed her into a third career, as chairman of the governor's committee on a postwar health program. Though Colorado boasted of its

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*Reader's Digest
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Dean Conger

DR. FLORENCE SABIN
She wanted to match mountains.

healthful air, Dr. Sabin found its death from many diseases needlessly high; the state was missing too many bets.

Dr. Sabin stumped Colorado with the slogan, "Health to match our mountains." Before she knew it, she found herself in politics. Her politicking paid. With aroused public opinion, she bludgeoned the legislature into taking the state health department out of politics, doubling its appropriations, encouraging the formation of county health departments, voting more facilities and funds for T.B. cases. One bill she backed, for compulsory vaccinations of all cattle against Bang's disease (brucellosis), was beaten by the cattlemen; Dr. Sabin attacked again, and won partial victory with an act requiring vaccination of dairy herds.

In a three-year spell as Denver's City Manager of Health and Charities, she rid the city of its rat menace, improved sewage disposal, saw to it that no unpasteurized milk could get into the city. She is still battling for better control of stream pollution, still gets a big kick out of working in "a live, growing field like public health."

This week Florence Sabin (she will be 80 next month) received the \$1,000 public-health award of the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation. Other Lasker award winners:

¶ Manhattan's Dr. Elise Strang L'Esperance (Time, April 3, 1950) and Philadelphia's Dr. Catharine Macfarlane, for cancer-detection work.

¶ University of California's Dr. Karl F. Meyer for bacteriological research.

¶ Boston's Dr. William G. Lennox and Chicago's Dr. Frederic A. Gibbs, for research in epilepsy.

¶ The Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, for pioneering in prepaid group medicine.

¶ Alcoholics Anonymous, for helping more than 120,000 chronic drinkers.

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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Saint Joan (by George Bernard Shaw; produced by the Theatre Guild) is often hailed as Shaw's greatest play. Very likely none is greater; yet few are more uneven. Broadway's first *Saint Joan* in 15 years can hardly help suffering from the mechanical flaws of the play, and never quite measures up to the best of it.

Joan's story has been better told elsewhere. The point with Shaw is that he was telling more than a story. One of the play's great virtues is that Shaw looked beyond the pathos and heroism of its events to the magnitude of its issues. He saw Joan, disobeying the church to follow her voices and her vision, as one who, like Luther, could not do otherwise. He saw, too, that in so acting, Joan, like Luther, was no longer Catholic but Protestant. And as her Protestantism is a menace to the church, so her nationalism, her urging allegiance not to a class but a country, is a menace to the peerage.

For that reason the Earl of Warwick buys her from the Burgundians and insists that she must burn. But the profounder issue is that between Joan and her judges. In the trial scene she comes up against not only all the power of the church but all the power of the church's arguments. The grandeur of Shaw's trial rests less, in the end, on how brilliant it is than on how basic. It is the eternal clash—in politics, society, art no less than in religion—between the institution's claim to sovereignty and the individual's.

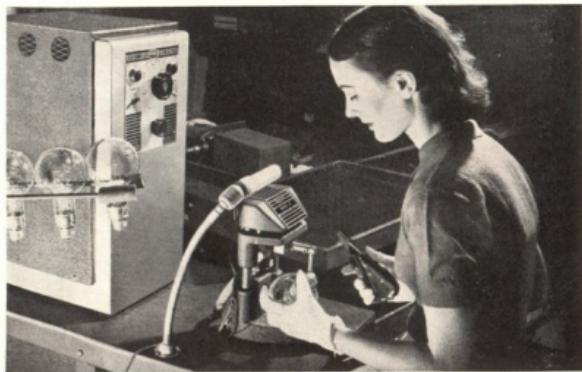
Saint Joan gains in stature because—rather uncharacteristically—Shaw stresses what is most valid on both sides rather

* For other news of Playwright Shaw, see CINEMA.



Uta Hagen as Joan
Really a Protestant.

Tolbot-Gilles



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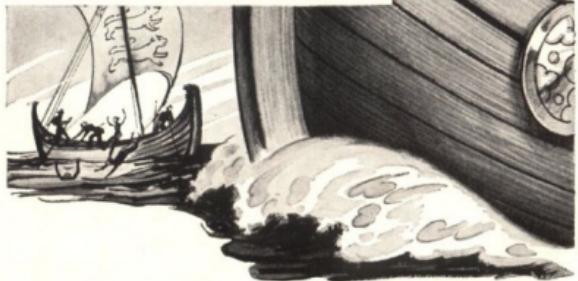


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than what is most vulnerable. He portrays Joan not as a defiantly heroic figure but as a truly mystical one, acting from compulsion rather than choice. He portrays the church less in terms of ethics than of authority, as possessing a sort of spiritual right of eminent domain. All this endows the trial scene with a particular dignity and affirmativeness, and with the right resounding orchestration. In the main, Shaw resists his usual mocking passages for flute or oboe, those sour or sarcastic entrances of tuba or trombone.

Such sounds he reserves for the deliberately anticlimactic epilogue, when Joan's apparition, on a visit to earth, learns that she has at last been vindicated, and will in the end be canonized. "Now tell me," Joan says amid the general rejoicing, "shall I . . . come back to you a living woman?" Horrified and appalled, her auditors can only mumble and fumble and slink away. It is a scene of lively Shavian comedy, but embedded in it is bitter realistic tragedy, an awareness that the Joans are glorified much less for being great than for being so conveniently dead.

Yet as a dramatic creation, Joan herself scarcely comes off. Shaw sought to make her real by making her realistic, by having her talk patois and slang and call the Dauphin "Charlie." But by making her so much like other people, he did not lessen her mystery; he merely weakened her magnetism.

Under Margaret Webster's direction, *Saint Joan* moves briskly along. Yet neither Joan nor her judges have enough glow or stature. Uta Hagen is simple, honest, on occasion fiery, but never conveys Joan's warrior genius or saintly appeal. Alexander Scourby's Bishop and Frederick Roll's Inquisitor are only half what Shaw's are. It is Andrew Cruickshank's worldling Warwick and, even more, John Buckmaster's weakling Dauphin, that come closest to doing Shaw justice.

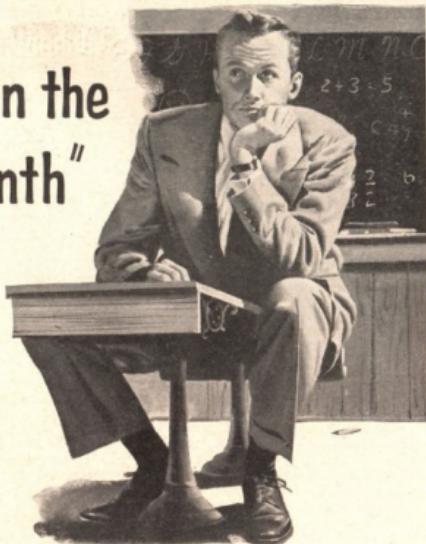
New Play in Manhattan

Remains To Be Seen (by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse; produced by Leland Hayward) does a straight job in hit-or-miss fashion. In their first mystery farce, the authors of *Life With Father* and the producers of *Arsenic and Old Lace* never manage to make murder, or much of anything else, amusing. When the curtain goes up, a highly unpopular vice-snooper is already dead, and in due time a highly unperturbed audience finds out who killed him. But the mystery side of *Remains To Be Seen* can largely be ignored; indeed, the playwrights themselves set the example.

They concentrate most on a romance between an exuberant young singer in a hot road band (Janis Paige) and a repressed young apartment manager who busts out by banging the traps (well-banged by Jackie Cooper). There are moments of fun and stretches of farcicality. But even the parts that click are glaringly machine-made. What is most disappointing, in terms of Lindsay & Crouse, is less their being wide of the mark than their choice of a target.

"I learned a lesson in the 3rd grade - last month"

Some people never forget the office . . . and it's lucky I didn't when I attended the third grade P.T.A. meeting. As I sat there and imagined the racket that a room full of youngsters like our Billy could make, I figured that if it weren't for the Acousti-Celotex ceiling, that room would be as noisy as . . . well, as my office! Then it dawned on me. The same Acousti-Celotex Sound Conditioning that keeps class rooms quiet could do the job for *me!*



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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1951

ACTORS' FACES...Johnny Johnston



Johnny Johnston, star of the Broadway play, "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"

Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Johnny Johnston knows that this wonderful shaving cream helps him shave comfortably, have soft, youthful-looking skin.

Wearing and removing heavy stage make-up several times a day leaves actors' faces sensitive to the razor, prone to wrinkled, old-looking skin. And for actors, looking one's best is important to returns at the box office.

To help all men with sensitive skin, the J. B. Williams Company has added a wonderful new ingredient to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, contains 25 times the beneficial properties of the well-known skin conditioner, plain lanolin. It lets you shave close, yet helps free your skin

from the risk of painful nicks and scratches.

If your position, like that of actors, requires good grooming at all times, use the New Williams Shaving Cream with Extract of Lanolin every time you shave. For Extract of Lanolin helps your skin preserve its youthful qualities, take on that healthy glow . . . helps you look your very best at all times.

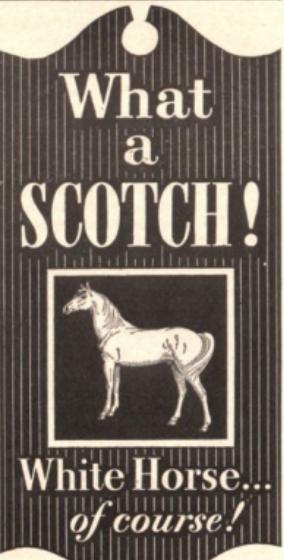
Start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. If you prefer a brushless shaving cream try new Williams Brushless. It contains the same luxurious shaving cream qualities.

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wide with wonder. Houston announced that it had 13,541 students (second only to the University of Texas), a faculty of 513, a 260-acre campus. Thanks largely to the Cullen bounty, it was the fastest-growing university in the U.S.

Keep the Change. Even for Texas, Hugh Cullen is a strange sort of angel for any university. He is a big, blunt man whose own schooling lasted exactly three years. At twelve, he was working in a candy store for \$3 a week, at 17, was running a small cotton business. From there, he drifted into prospecting for oil, and after ten years of wildcatting, finally struck it rich. At Blue Ridge, outside of Houston, he hit a gusher. After that, he lost track of how many millions he had.

His first gift to the university was a modest one—\$350,000 for a liberal arts building. Later, he opened his checkbook to pay for a new engineering laboratory. The check he wrote happened to be \$100,000 more than was needed. "Keep it," Cullen told the university, "and raise salaries."

Marble & Mahogany. Cullen gave \$1,000,000 to install a huge heating plant. He paved the campus walks and streets, rimmed them with electric light. He did everything from air conditioning the campus buildings to putting up the \$5,000,000 Ezekiel W. Cullen Building (named after his grandfather), equipped with 94 offices, 46 classrooms, marble from Italy, mahogany from Honduras, lacewood from Australia. Finally, he turned over enough of his oil royalties to ensure the university an eventual income of \$10 million.

In 14 years, from land that was once a forest, 46 buildings have sprung up on the Houston campus, including colleges of law, business, education, engineering, pharmacy and nursing. Over it all, Hugh Cullen keeps a fatherly eye. As chairman of the Board of Regents, as well as Houston's foremost angel, he never interferes with academic policy, does not even seem to care whether Houston has a big football team. At 70, he has only one plan for the university: "I'd like to give quite a few more millions to it," says he.

To Study Asia

A San Francisco importer, Louis P. Gainsborough, came back from a tour through the Orient, profoundly worried. "The more I traveled," says he, "the more I saw how badly we needed friends. I decided right then that I'd dedicate myself to creating an awareness of Asia."

U.S. universities, Gainsborough decided, were not doing enough to create the sort of awareness he wanted, and he set out to start a school of his own. He cut the staff of his importing firm from 40 to four, slashed his volume of business from \$5,000,000 to \$1,000,000, and devoted his time to planning courses and finding teachers. By last week, after four years of preparation, his nonprofit American Academy of Asian Studies was ready to open—the first graduate school in the U.S. devoted solely to the study of the Orient.

For its first term, the academy is offering an exotic array of courses, and



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FOUNDRY COKE . . . that's baked in the oven for 24 to 30 hours and comes in large sizes?

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OR DOMESTIC COKE . . . the kind you burn in your furnace at home for

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And the best way to solve these problems is to call on Koppers Company. For the name "Koppers" is practically synonymous with "coke."

Not just because Koppers itself

produces all kinds of coke. But more especially, because Koppers engineering and construction skill in the design and building of coke-oven plants and equipment is recognized everywhere in the world.

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SOME DAY a drink will be put in your hand, and you'll take a sip . . . and pause in your talk while you take another, thoughtfully. Then you'll ask a question and the answer will be "That? . . . That's Old Charter!" And you will have made a friend for life . . . For when we started with whiskey, this noble by nature, then waited many years while Time made it mellow and ripe . . . we were bound to wind up with a whiskey that would get asked about . . . and remembered!

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100 college graduates from all over the country have come to take them. There are courses in Islamic law and Hindu thought, in the Urdu, Pali and Bengali languages—everything from "Vedanta and Its Interpretations" to "Systems of Atma-vidya." The whole idea, says Gainsborough, is to teach more than just politics and economics. "Nobody can understand Asia," says he, "without realizing that the spiritual life dominates everything."

Gainsborough has also lined up an exotic array of 17 teachers. As director of studies he picked German-born Frederic Spiegelberg, Stanford's top expert in Hindu culture and religion. From Japan he got Lama Tokwan Tada, a wizened little man in yellow robes who is the only living Japanese High Lama of Lhasa. From India



Lillian Paganini—Col. Pictures

GAINSBOROUGH (LEFT) & FRIENDS[®]
More than propaganda is needed.

came Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, the former Prime Minister of Travancore.

As yet, the academy has no real quarters: it is crammed into one floor of the Gainsborough Building at 221 Sansome St. But soon, Gainsborough hopes, it will have a new building of its own, and will be sending out its M.A.s and Ph.D.s to work all over the Orient.

Last week Louis Gainsborough was planning a fund-raising campaign to make the academy permanent. "Our motto is more than scholarship," says he. "It's turning out good friends of the Far East. Propaganda can never do that. Education is the only answer."

Dust Bowl

At maidless Yale (TIME, Sept. 24), university officials made their first inspection tour of student suites to see how clean they were. Their verdict on undergraduate housekeeping: "Terrible."

Left to right: Facultymen Lama Tokwan Tada and Frederic Spiegelberg; Indian Student Sita Malaney.



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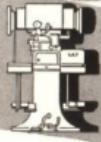
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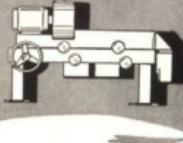
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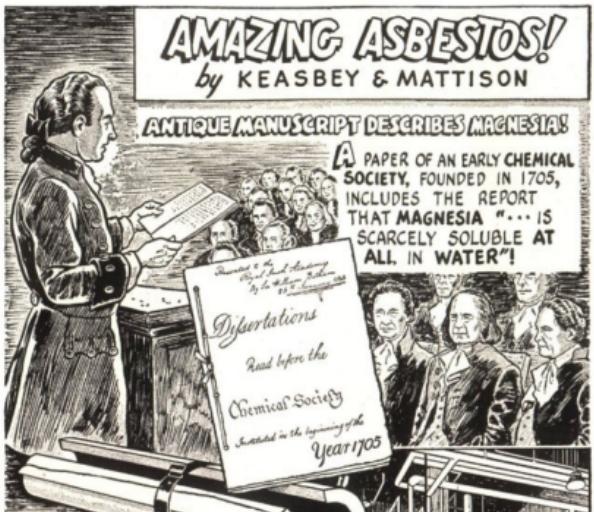
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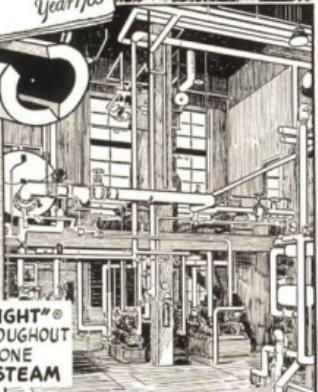
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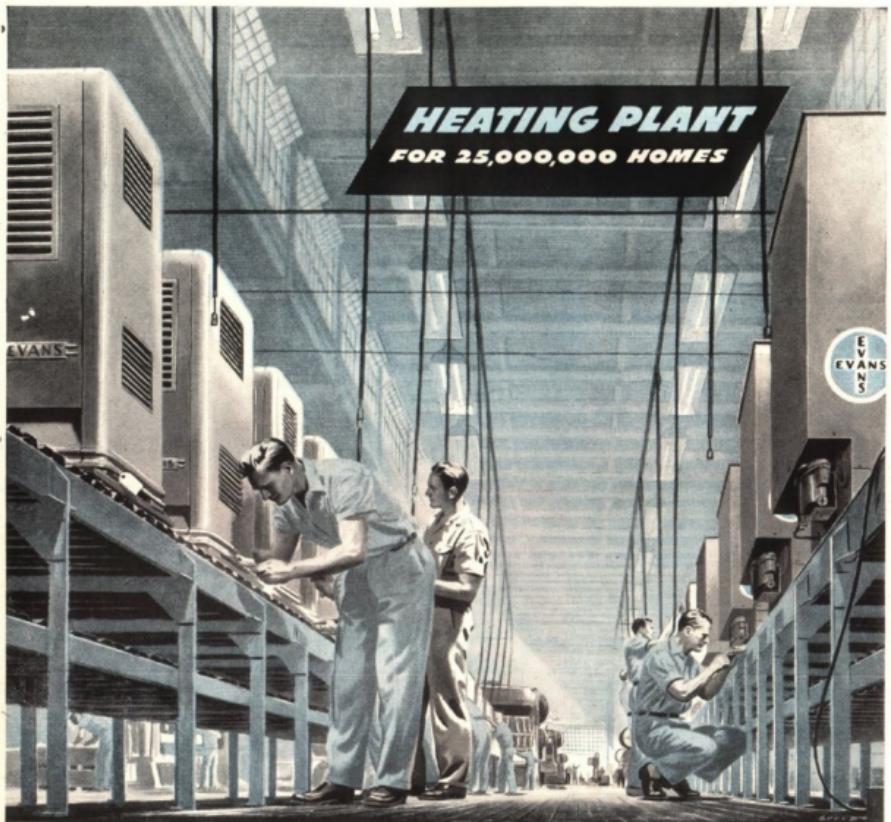
Born. To Tyrone Power III, 37, swash-buckling hero of Hollywood historical romances (*Prince of Foxes*, *Blood and Sand*), and his second wife, Linda Christian Power (real name: Blanca Rosa Welter), 27, retired starlet: their first child, a daughter. Name: Romina Francesca. Weight: 6 lbs. 11 oz.

Died. Lieut. General Hugh Aloysius Drum (ret.), 72, who as Pershing's Chief of Staff helped chart allied victory in World War I, was in charge of security and blackouts on the East Coast in World War II; of a heart attack; in his office in the Empire State Building, of which he had been head since 1944; in Manhattan.

Died. Anton Frederik Philips, 77, co-builder with his brother Gerard of Europe's vast Philips electrical products corporation, one of the world's biggest, which makes everything from light bulbs to cinema equipment, employs 80,000 workers in plants in 45 countries; of a heart ailment; in Eindhoven, the Netherlands, which the Philips brothers transformed from a village to an industrial city.

Died. F. W. Fitch, 81, shampoo millionaire ("Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo," "Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic"); in Des Moines. Born into a poor Iowa family, he started work at eight as a farmhand, became a barber and concocted a tonic that temporarily removed dandruff. When he found many willing buyers, he stopped barbering, moved his equipment from his house to a plant, started on a business which cleaned up \$1 million a year by 1946.

Died. W. K. Kellogg, 91, cereal tycoon (Corn Flakes, Rice Krispies); of a circulatory ailment; in Battle Creek, Mich. His \$50 million fortune—and that of the whole breakfast-food industry—grew out of the Health Reform Institute, a water cure operated in Battle Creek by the Seventh Day Adventists. When they abandoned it in 1876, Kellogg's doctor-brother, John, turned it into the Battle Creek Sanitarium, invented flaked cereals to feed his patients. One of them, C. W. Post, took up the idea, made a success marketing Post Toasties and Grape Nuts. This encouraged, Kellogg set up—at the age of 39—his own cereal plant, capitalized on the nation's first enthusiasm for the new, ready-to-serve product, helped make it a national institution. Kellogg gave most of his millions to the Kellogg Foundation for children's charity, pioneered in establishing a six-hour day (at eight-hour wages) for his 2,000-odd employees, and transformed his home town by giving it, among other things, 14 schools, an auditorium and an airport. Twice widowed, he was a gloomy, awkwardly bashful man, with no social life to speak of, and one main diversion: breeding Arabian steeds (including Jadaan, ridden by Rudolph Valentino in *Son of the Sheik*).



HEATING PLANT FOR 25,000,000 HOMES

Many of the nation's 25,000,000-odd homes that are today without central heating will be warmed this winter from the "heating plant" above—the mammoth Evans factory that turns out a steady stream of gas and oil fired heaters. Yet scarcely a decade ago these modern appliances were little more than a dream of Evans engineers.

What made that dream come true . . . so soon? What made Evans *first* with fan forced heat? What made Evans *first* with lowboy console styling? What made Evans *first* with floor level heating . . . *first* with simplest units to service . . . *first* with the comfort-conditioning Humidi-fan? The same qualifications that had made Evans *first* in high performance engineered bus and truck heating: Evans' ability to *engineer heat*. Whether you need a single heater for your camp or several thousand special units for an urgent project, it will pay you to turn to the specialists in *heating engineering*: *Evans Products Company, General Offices: Plymouth, Michigan. Plants: Plymouth, Mich.; Coos Bay, Ore.; Vancouver, B. C.*



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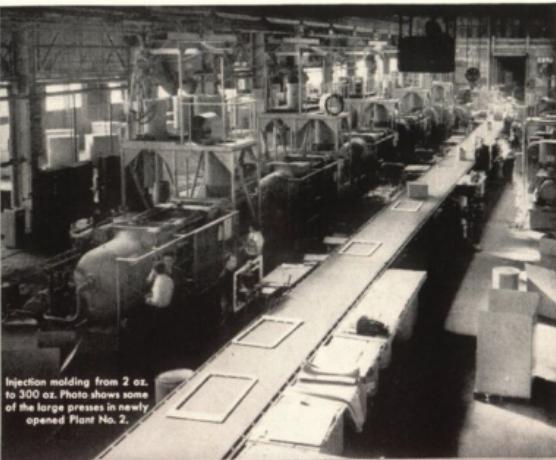


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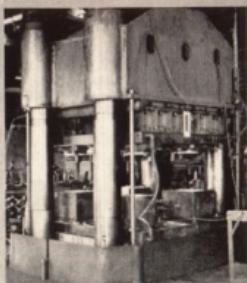
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

GOVERNMENT

Red Ink Record

The U.S. went \$2,614,986,764 in the red in the first three months of the current fiscal year (which began on July 1). This is the biggest peacetime quarterly deficit in U.S. history. But because of lagging defense spending and increasing tax receipts, the deficit is still \$1 billion less than the Administration estimated last July. For the whole fiscal year the Administration last week estimated a \$7 billion to \$8 billion deficit, even with the heavy new taxes called for in bills pending in Congress.

SECURITIES

Pitch & Push, Unltd.

Almost everyone has dreamed of striking it rich with a two-bit stock. Thanks to that dream, dozens of sharp, fly-by-night promoters in Toronto have struck it rich peddling worthless penny stocks to Americans. Spurred by the boom in Canadian oil (TME, Sept. 24), dealers have flooded the U.S. with literature on such "promising opportunities" as Hy-Flow Petroleum, Golden Fleece Mines and Uranium Explorations, Ltd., have been able to bilk U.S. suckers of some \$50 million (swindlers' estimate) a year. Sample come-on: "Our first stunned enthusiasm was fully warranted . . . This is the opportunity we had always dreamed about . . ."

Last week, the Securities & Exchange Commission, which has long tried to get Canada to put tighter restrictions on stock dealers, cut short some Canadian "opportunities." To all U.S. stock exchanges it sent a list of 179 Canadian stocks which it "had reason to believe" were being illegally sold in the U.S., i.e., were not registered with SEC. But nobody thought that the list would put an end to Toronto's "boiler-shop" operators; they deal with buyers direct, not through U.S. brokers.

High Pressure. The dealers operate from small offices along Toronto's Bay Street. They buy sucker stocks in the U.S., or compile them from phone books, then send out come-on literature to as many as 500,000 people at a time. The original promotion pieces are usually comparatively conservative in their claims. When some one bites, the high-pressure selling is done over the telephone. ("This offer is being made to only a limited few and you must decide before tomorrow.")

The promoters buy stock from a company, which sometimes holds no more than a lease on undeveloped land or title to an abandoned mine, for 10¢ or 15¢ a share, sell it at 40¢ or 50¢ and pocket the difference. When a buyer wants to get out, he often finds no market for his stock.

When the promoters deal in a stock for which there is a market, they often jack up the price 100% or more when selling to U.S. customers. Example: promoters got thousands of copies of a Toronto



Ray Kline
GULF'S SIDNEY SWENSRUD
He learned his "Why" at Harvard.

Financial Post oil supplement, substituted a phony page to plug the "Moose Pasture Oil Company," and mailed the copies to a list of potential U.S. suckers. For the stock, which was selling at 20¢ a share in Toronto, they asked \$1.

Water Mine. A few years ago, when gold shares were falling and uranium was coming into the limelight, one mine changed its name from Samar Yellowknife Gold Mines Ltd. to Oak Ridge Uranium Mines Ltd. Neither gold nor uranium has

yet been mined by this company; its main shaft is full of water.

The Ontario Securities Commission finally started to crack down a year ago by revoking the licenses of some promoters, and barring others from the mails. (The promoters got around that by using plain envelopes.) Bay Street's sharpies, who used to be known as the "Dirty Sixty," now number only a dingy 30. Before long, under a new U.S.-Canada pact now being drafted, SEC hopes to stamp out the racket entirely. The pact would permit the Justice Department to extradite defrauding stock pushers for trial in the U.S.

OIL

Billion-Dollar Chip

In the global gamble for oil, everyone knows that U.S. companies are cashing in the biggest jackpot in their history. But few realize the staggering size of the bets required to back up a winning hand. Last week Gulf Oil Corp., fifth biggest in the industry, provided a prime example. It announced that it will spend another \$200 million to expand its refining and manufacturing operations, bringing its total expansion since war's end to \$1 billion, one-twelfth of the whole U.S. industry's post-war investments. With such huge costs for hunting and producing oil, not even the giants can afford many mistakes. Says Gulf's 51-year-old President Sidney A. Swensrud: "A man used to be a good executive if he guessed right three out of five times. Now, you can't stay in business on executive hunches."

No hunches, but the cold facts of the world demand for oil are behind Gulf's

DUAL MOBILIZATION: FOR WAR & PEACE

Is the U.S. mobilizing in the right way? General Motors' President Charles E. Wilson does not think so. The U.S. has shouldered the major responsibility for leading—and protecting—the free world. But, said "Engine Charlie" Wilson, the nation has failed to provide a "permanent national defense program" which would provide protection "for several generations if necessary."

Said he, before the American Ordnance Association in Cincinnati last week: "The current emergency is again being met with emergency measures which are exorbitant in cost, disruptive to the civilian economy and may not be adequate in time." There is no virtue, he believes, in desperately mobilizing whenever war threatens, desperately reconverting when peace sets in. Then Engine Charlie advanced his own simple, horse-sensible plan. Its basis: "dual-purpose plants." These plants would be capable of producing either arms or civilian goods alone or a combination of both.

Such plants, said he, would largely eliminate the feverish building and later abandonment of wartime facilities, as well as the frenzied hirings, firings and other headaches of the present mobilization-reconversion cycle. Only a dual-purpose plant offers "the immediate employment of industrial labor . . . in its normal location and in a type of military production most closely associated with peacetime production."

As examples, Wilson exhibited plant-layout drawings showing how jet engines and car-body stampings, or planes and automobiles, could be produced under the same roof. "A large proportion of the manufacturing space could readily be made available for either purpose" with equipment and workers transferred quickly from one type of work to the other. In times of limited defense production, manufacturers could maintain pilot lines, continually updating their know-how for turning out military products on an all-out schedule. Then if all-out war came, the U.S. would be sure of all-out war production—and in time.

A "Grand National" Winner... like Cast Iron Pipe...

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The Grand National Steeplechase, 4½ miles and 30 jumps, is a rugged test of the *stamina* of a horse.

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For example, in more than 30 of the older American cities, cast iron water and gas mains are now in their second century of service. These sturdy mains are meeting conditions undreamed-of 100 years ago—in street traffic and in construction aboveground and underground.

The resultant traffic shock and beam-stresses, cast iron pipe has taken in its stride, because of its shock-strength, beam-strength and crushing-strength.

No pipe, deficient in any of these strength-factors of long life, should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns and villages.

expansion. Swensrud, who has already built the world's largest "cat" (catalytic) cracker at Gulf's main refinery at Port Arthur, Texas, will now build a still bigger one (63,000 bbls. a day) at Gulf's Philadelphia refinery. He will also build the world's biggest (125,000 bbls. per day) atmospheric and vacuum crude-oil "topping" unit (which skims off the lighter components of crude). The result will boost the military's supply of high-octane gasoline by 42,000 gals. daily. But Swensrud also has his eye on a longer-range peacetime market: the high-compression auto engine.

Answer Man. Swensrud has been exploring new oil markets ever since he finished Harvard Business School in 1927, went to work as an assistant to W. T. Holliday, president of Standard Oil of Ohio. While riding Standard's tank trucks and dropping in at filling stations, Swensrud always asked the "Why" for everything, jotted down the answers in a little notebook. He found out so many things that executives who played by ear couldn't answer that he rose swiftly to vice president. He was marked for the top job at Sohio when Gulf hired him away in 1947 as successor to aging President J. F. Drake, who stepped up to chairman when Founder William L. Mellon, now dead, retired.

Bill Mellon had started the business in 1901, simply to rescue a \$5,000,000 loan which Cousin Andrew Mellon had made on some Texas oil leases. He salvaged the money so well that when he retired at 80 his empire (still 41% owned by the Mellon family) stretched from Venezuela, where only Standard's (N.J.) Creole and Royal Dutch Shell outranked Gulf's Mene Grande, to Kuwait on the Persian Gulf, where Gulf and Britain's Anglo-Iranian share more than 11 billion bbls. of oil reserves. Under him, Gulf got the prospecting rights to all of Denmark, and his global marketing and producing apparatus embraced subsidiaries through most of Europe, Africa and Brazil, plus proven U.S. reserves of 1.3 billion bbls.

Despite the empire's size, Swensrud soon knew it inside & out, traveling its reaches in Gulf planes, asking questions, jotting down answers in his notebook. In Swensrud's first year, Gulf's sales passed the \$1 billion mark for the first time in history.

High Stakes. Swensrud, calculating that U.S. oil demand would rise at least 3% a year for the next decade, decided that Gulf's only limit was the amount of new oil that could be found. The company wangled new concessions in Tunisia, Mozambique, launched extensive drilling in Canada's new fields, where Gulf has one of the world's biggest gas fields, in Alberta. He built new refineries in Venezuela and Kuwait, in three years boosted Gulf's Kuwait production from 23 million to 66 million bbls. annually. He boosted Gulf's world output from 160.1 million bbls. to 193.4 million, found new markets by opening up new retail outlets (Pure Oil in Pennsylvania, Sohio in Michigan, Missouri State in the Mississippi Valley). In



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REPUBLIC STEEL FOREMEN AT CLASS
Smarter than the boss?

Ed Nana

spite of the tremendous costs, Gulf's profits have gone on rising, in 1951's first half (\$63 million), passed 1950's by 25%.

As Gulf's market has expanded, so have its hazards. Gulf's partner, Anglo-Iranian, has already lost its great Abadan refinery (see FOREIGN NEWS), and the two are boasting their Kuwait production as rapidly as possible to help meet Europe's oil deficit. Political upheavals are not the only changes. Soaring costs have made the hunt for oil enormously expensive. Recently, Swensrud launched Gulf on the biggest wildcat hunt in the U.S., exploring 800,000 acres leased from the State of Mississippi.¹⁰ Gulf may well sink millions without result. But Swensrud is not perturbed. Gulf, a pioneer in the science of petroleum geophysics, has helped trim the odds against finding oil from 15-to-1 to a mere 5-to-1. To an oilman, that's a good bet.

MANAGEMENT

The Facts of Life

In Republic Steel's Canton, Ohio plant, when a disgruntled worker was told to hurry, he snapped back: "Why should I knock myself out for Republic? They make \$75 out of every billet of steel and I get nothing." His foreman, Chris Cutropia, who was both forewarned and forearmed, took the worker aside, and convinced the grifter that the company would be lucky to make 75¢ a billet. Reporting the incident to his superiors, Foreman Cutropia added: "Three months ago I wouldn't have been able to say anything."

Like 3,048 other foremen and supervisors, Cutropia not only knows a lot more about costs than he did a few months ago; he also knows a lot more about such varied matters as stock investments, the U.S. banking system, and how to read a balance sheet. Reason: he and his fellow foremen have been going to school.

Republic has spent about \$10,000 teaching the basic facts of economic life to these foremen. Last week it announced that it is 1) providing the same course for 2,989 additional supervisors, 2) starting up an advanced course for the original students on such subjects as human relations in industry, problems of steel-industry expansion, taxes, the role of unions, etc.

"More Hooey?" The school grew out of Republic Steel President Charles M. White's belief that his workers' misconceptions about such matters as profits were a prime source of labor-management conflict. Last year he got the University of Chicago's Industrial Relations Center to make some questionnaire tests which verified his suspicions: of 650 foremen tested, 45 believed that \$100 million is a billion, 26% believed that everyone gets the same Social Security pension when he reaches 65, 39% thought that "capital

PERSONNEL

Madam Director

Militant feminists who make a habit of storming the annual meetings of big corporations to demand the election of a woman director usually get nothing but a polite brush-off. But when the demand was raised at RCA's meeting last May, Chairman David Sarnoff, who never underestimates the power of a woman, had a ready answer: RCA's subsidiary, NBC, had already named Mrs. Mildred McAfee Horton, ex-Wellesley president, ex-WAVE Commander, to its board. Moreover, said Sarnoff, she had proved so valuable that RCA would name her to its own board at the first opportunity. Last week, when Director Arthur E. Braun resigned, RCA's board kept Sarnoff's word, elected Mrs. Horton as its first woman member.

¹⁰ In 50-50 partnership with Texas' famed Wildcat King Mike Benedum.



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Here's an important "brain lobe" of a guided missile—a tiny radio amplifier unit no bigger than a matchbox. It's a vital part of the complex electronics equipment which guides these pilotless weapons to their target with deadly accuracy.

Boeing initiated one of this country's first active guided missile programs authorized after World War II. From

it have evolved newer and more advanced projects to which are assigned a substantial number of Boeing engineers and research scientists. All of these major activities are shrouded in secrecy.

An interesting phase of their development work concerns the "miniaturizing" of electronics equipment. Tiny vacuum tubes, condensers and other

components are assembled in minute "packages" to save weight and space. They must be tough to stand the shock of supersonic missile flight. They must be highly accurate and dependable.

Boeing's missile projects, like those of other aircraft manufacturers, are a part of an over-all, comprehensive program designed to help build America's defenses.

For the Air Force, Boeing builds the **B-47 Stratojets**, **B-50 Superfortresses** and **C-97 Stratofreighters**; and for the world's leading airlines, Boeing has built fleets of the new twin-deck **Stratocruisers**.

BOEING



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114

is not productive," 33% believed that companies try to "hide profits" by boosting depreciation charges.

The university drew up 15 elementary lectures on economics, and trained a crew of 34 Republic supervisors to deliver them. When White first tried out the course on 250 supervisors at the Youngstown plant, the men were cynical, expecting "some more of that company hooey." When they learned that they were getting easily understood facts—and a minimum of hooey—about matters which had long baffled them, their interest rose until men were betting on who would score highest in the tests. White quickly extended the lectures to foremen in 26 plants.

More Pies. Republic's teachers geared the lectures to a 10th-grade level, and used plenty of visual aids. Actual pies were cut up to show how a company's sales dollar is divided into wages, costs and profits; additional pies were pulled from drawers to show that more production is required to produce more shares for labor & capital.

After the lectures, new tests showed that the number who believed that "capital is not productive" dropped from 30% to 13.4%; those who believed in "hidden profits" dropped from 23% to 12%, only 3% still believed everyone got the same Social Security. On the tests, the foremen got better scores than management itself.

HIGH FINANCE

Hadacol Hangover

As an old horse trader, Louisiana's Dudley J. LeBlanc likes to say that the man who buys a horse has only himself to blame if the horse keels over and dies. Only six weeks ago, a group of Manhattan traders bought the odd-looking business animal that LeBlanc had raised on Hadacol, a patent medicine comparable to a vitamin-enriched Manhattan cocktail (TIME, Sept. 10). This week it looked as if the horse they bought was about dead.

In Manhattan's federal court, Hadacol's partners filed a voluntary petition for financial reorganization. After paying LeBlanc \$250,000 down (previously announced as \$1,100,000) for the company, they made some shocking discoveries. Hadacol's \$3,600,000, 15-month profit had somehow mysteriously turned into a \$1.8 million second-quarter loss. Worse, they charged that LeBlanc had 1) concealed \$2,000,000 of unpaid bills and a tax debt of \$656,151 to the Government, 2) falsified Hadacol's records to show \$2,272,000 of "accounts receivable" which, in large part, did not exist.

As the court named a trustee to try to get the prostrate horse to its feet again, a new whiplash struck it. The Federal Trade Commission complained that Hadacol's leeringly prurient ballyhoo ("The Hadacol boogie makes you boogie-woogie all the time") is "false, misleading and deceptive" in representing the nostrum as "an effective treatment and cure for scores of ailments and diseases."



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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1951

CORPORATIONS

Battle for United Cigar

Charles Green is a New York appliance dealer with a sharp eye for a quick profit. He buys stock in companies that make money, but pay small dividends, or none, then pressures the management into shelling out. Green's latest target is United Cigar-Whelan Stores Corp., one of the biggest U.S. drug- and cigar-store chains (1,300 outlets).

Green, who has owned United stock since 1946 and now holds, with his family, 66,900 shares, started his attack by charging that President Walter G. Baumhoffer and his associates "haven't the faintest idea how to run the business profitably." The management defended itself by relating how it had tenderly nursed the company from threatened bankruptcy 13 years ago, when its stock was "under



Werner Wolff—Black Star
CHARLES GREEN
A boleful parallel?

water" (i.e., had a book value of minus \$1,000,000), to 1950 sales of \$74 million and a book value for the stock of \$12,000,000. But, in letters to stockholders, Green had a ready retort: how come the company hadn't paid a single dividend during its 13-year convalescence?

Strange Allies. President Baumhoffer and associates then reopened a chapter in Green's career that he would like to forget—a stormy 10 months when he was president of Minneapolis & St. Paul's Twin City Rapid Transit Co. Green had won that job after threatening a proxy fight. In November 1949, he had gone to Minnesota, armed with 19,200 shares of T.C.R.T. and complaints about no dividends. As an ally in his fight, he picked up Nightclub Proprietor Isadore Blumenfeld, alias Kid Cann, a wealthy Minneapolis underworld character with a record of 30 arrests (two for murder) and three liquor convictions.

Green won and got the \$40,000-a-year

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October 2, 1951

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president's job. While car riders howled bitterly, Green won approval of a fare hike from 12¢ to 15¢. He fired 800 employees, curtailed schedules, abandoned unprofitable trolley & bus lines.

The Showdown. Green's Lawyer Fred A. Ossanna and other associates became so alarmed at the publicity that they quarreled with Green. By last December he was so leary of his old associates that he showed up for a stockholders' meeting with a loaded revolver.

In July 1950 the Ossanna group had helped buy up Green's shares. Green was eased out last March, and Ossanna put in as board chairman. Charlie Green hastened back to New York, a wiser and richer (by about \$100,000) man.

In all this, United Cigar-Whelan's management saw a baleful parallel to Green's present maneuverings. But Green mustered enough votes to force his foes to hold a special stockholders' meeting.

This week the ballot count was announced. Green polled more votes than the management (1,110,000 to 598,000), but lacked the majority of all common shares (2,307,000) needed to unseat the management at a special meeting. Faced with probable defeat at the next regular meeting (where only a majority of those present would be needed), the management "compromised." It apparently planned to give Green a majority of directors on a new board.

METALS

The Rare Earths

No commercial metals are so scarce as a group of 15 known as the "rare earths." They are so rare, in fact, that there is some question as to whether one of them exists at all. They have tongue-twisting names (praseodymium, gadolinium, cerium, lanthanum, ytterbium, etc.), are found in rare mineral deposits, mostly in India and Brazil. Until recently, the metals had limited uses.

In the jet and atom age, these rare-earth metals have suddenly come into new importance, have sent companies scrambling for new sources. Cerium, for example, combines with magnesium and aluminum to make tough, light, heat-resistant alloys ideal for jet-engine parts. The Atomic Energy Commission is interested in cerium's cousins because they are useful in shields against atomic radiation, have other secret uses.

Last week Molybdenum Corp. of America, which specializes in producing alloys used for hardening steel, had some big news about the rare-earth metals. A deposit discovered a year ago by the company near the Nevada-California line, said President Marx Hirsch, "is a major metal discovery." He estimated that there are 14 of the 15 rare metals in the 3 sq. mi. deposit.

On the basis of Hirsch's announcement, Moly Corp. stock, which has scooted from $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $64\frac{1}{2}$ in two years, scooted up another $15\frac{1}{2}$ points to $79\frac{1}{2}$. If the deposit lives up to Hirsch's hopes, the U.S. will no longer have to rely on imports of the earth's once forgotten elements.

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CINEMA

Box Office

September's top-drawing movies, as reported last week by *Variety*:

- 1) *David and Bathsheba* (20th Century-Fox)
- 2) *Flying Leathernecks* (RKO Radio)
- 3) *Here Comes the Groom* (Paramount)
- 4) *People Will Talk* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *His Kind of Woman* (RKO Radio)

The Roosevelt Story

After the death of Franklin Roosevelt in 1945, Eleanor Roosevelt said she would have to wait a while before deciding who, if anyone, should put the President's life story on film. Last week she picked the man: Producer Stanley Kramer, who had become one of Mrs. Roosevelt's favorites with movies like *The Men* and *Cyrano de Bergerac*. When production begins in another two years or so, Mrs. Roosevelt will advise on the screen play and share in the proceeds. Likely scripter: Roosevelt Biographer Robert Sherwood.

Don't Call Me George

Crusty old George Bernard Shaw, who always insisted on approving every detail of his plays' productions, was even crankier when it came to the movies. His will provides that he be billed only as "Bernard Shaw." His trustees also decided that no more than 10% of Shaw's original lines may be changed for the screenplay.

This posed a stickler for Shaw's trusted friend, Producer Gabriel (*Pygmalion*, *Cesar and Cleopatra*) Pascal, who had to stretch the two-acter, *Androcles and the Lion*, to feature length. Pascal finally wrangled a grudging O.K. from the trustees of Shaw's estate to raise the alteration rate to 25%, and fattened up the script with lines borrowed from Shaw's own preface. With the biggest barrier hurdled, *Androcles* was only two weeks behind schedule at RKO last week.

G.B.S. might have been startled at some of Producer Pascal's casting: Television Comic Alan Young as Androcles and a professional football player and wrestler named Woody Strode as the lion. But Shaw would undoubtedly have been delighted with the painted backdrop for the Colosseum scenes. Two seats away from a beaming likeness of Pascal is a portrait of (George) Bernard Shaw himself.

The New Pictures

The Desert Fox (20th Century-Fox), a sympathetic film study of the *Afrika Korps*' General Erwin Rommel, will surprise those moviegoers who have come to accept all Hollywood Nazis as guttural, sadistic villains. Rommel, as played by James Mason, speaks flawless English, is kind to his troops, makes a generous foe and a faithful friend.

Based on the bestselling biography by Britain's Desmond Young (TIME, Jan. 22) and reflecting Author Young's same reluctant admiration for the enemy, *The Desert Fox* opens in North Africa with the



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German disaster at El Alamein. Rommel flies back to Germany to recover from an attack of jaundice and brood on Hitler's failure to keep the *Afrika Korps* adequately supplied. While in this mood, Rommel is sounded out by one of the ringleaders in a conspiracy against Hitler.

The rest of the film deals with the progress of the conspiracy and with Rommel's rather lefthanded endorsement of the plotters' aims. To convince himself he has no alternative, Rommel visits Hitler for a tingling interview. He comes away more depressed by the Führer's irrationality than by his ideology. But when the attempt is made on Hitler's life, Rommel is again in the hospital, this time having



Edward Clark—LIFE

JAMES MASON AS ROMMEL
A Nazi can be a generous foe.

been shot up by British fighter planes while directing the crumbling German defenses in Normandy. During the blood purge of the conspirators, Rommel gets his choice of committing suicide or standing trial in a court where the verdict has already been decided. In a deal with the Nazis to safeguard his wife and son, he agrees to kill himself.

James Mason brings a brooding intensity to the role of Rommel, sharply points up the contrast between his brilliance in the field and his uncertainty in public life. Unfortunately for the pace and excitement of the movie, Rommel is shown too seldom on the battlefield, and then only in defeat. The script, by Producer-Writer Nunnally Johnson, has the competence of journalistic history, but most of the excitement is packed into the picture's opening moments, during an ill-fated British Commando raid on Rommel's North African headquarters.

The *Lavender Hill Mob* (Rank; Universal-International), a superior British-made thriller, is divided into almost equal parts of high comedy and farce. The first and best half of the film shows in loving

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detail how prim Alec Guinness, for 20 years a trusted employee of the Bank of England, steals \$1,000,000 in gold bars and smuggles them to the Continent.

The film is a field day for Actor Guinness, who manages to combine jaunty evil-doing with an outward show of probity and decorum. His broaching of his plot to Stanley Holloway, a manufacturer with the soul of an artist, is a masterpiece of delicate suggestion without a single incriminating word spoken. With Holloway safely in his pocket, Guinness displays equal ingenuity in recruiting two mobsters to handle the messier details of his plan.

The gold is safely snatched, melted down into Eiffel Tower paperweights, and shipped to France. But there half a dozen of them are sold, by mistake, to a party of British schoolgirls. Guinness & Holloway, fearful that the souvenirs may get



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ALEC GUINNESS
Out for a field day.

back to the baffled authorities, chase after the little girls and then, in turn, become the object of a nationwide manhunt, slap-sticky with pratfalls, hairbreadth escapes and colliding police cars. Highlight: Guinness eluding his pursuers by fading invisibly into a throng of Britons, all identical in sack coats, bowler hats and umbrellas.

Producer Michael Balcon (*Tight Little Island*, *Kind Hearts and Coronets*) has turned out a picture in the best traditions of satirical good humor. Alec Guinness, recently the victim of six murders in *Kind Hearts*, makes a thoroughly satisfactory criminal mastermind. Though remaining British to the core, he somehow achieves an almost Latin intensity in his role of a little man in happy revolt against society.

Here Comes the Groom (Paramount) puts Bing Crosby and Producer-Director Frank Capra up to their oldest tricks and ought to amuse all but those optimistically moviegoers who dare to hope for new

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TIME, OCTOBER 15, 1951

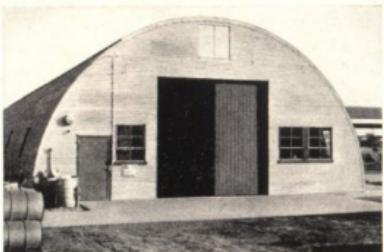
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ones, Crosby, carrying his breeziness this time to gale proportions, plays a newspaperman home from France with two adopted war orphans. Unless he can get a wife to mother them, they will be deported within the week. But his longtime fiancée (Jane Wyman), tired of waiting, had finally decided to marry multimillionaire Franchot Tone. To woo Jane back just in time to disrupt a colossal wedding ceremony, Crosby pitches charm, song and the pathos of his wards, resorts to conspiratorial shenanigans with the help of his editor (Robert Keith), his would-be father-in-law (James Barton) and Tone's repressed cousin (Alexis Smith).

Leaning heavily on the crutch of slapstick, Capra works hard to manufacture laughs out of such feeble stuff as the roistering antics of a drunken Irishman, the flowering of frustrated Alexis into hipslinging whistle-bait, the arch effeminity



**JANE WYMAN & BING
Up to his oldest tricks.**

of the protocol expert at society weddings. He stages the film's one bright song (*In the Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening*) with the same frenzied use of silly props that he displayed in *Riding High*. Young Italian Soprano Anna Maria (*The Medium*) Alberghetti sings well in a long opening sequence that has nothing to do with the rest of the picture.

Saturday's Hero (Columbia) looks at U.S. intercollegiate football with the same critical eye that Hollywood sport films usually turn on prizefighting. As angry as it is timely, the movie takes the line that gridiron stars like Hero John Derek are the pawns of a game cynically run for the profit of the universities and the political capital of behind-the-scenes flinglers.

But the picture hits the line too hard. As a poor, first-generation American hungering for education, glory, and acceptance in the uppercrust world typified by Jackson College, Halfback Derek gets

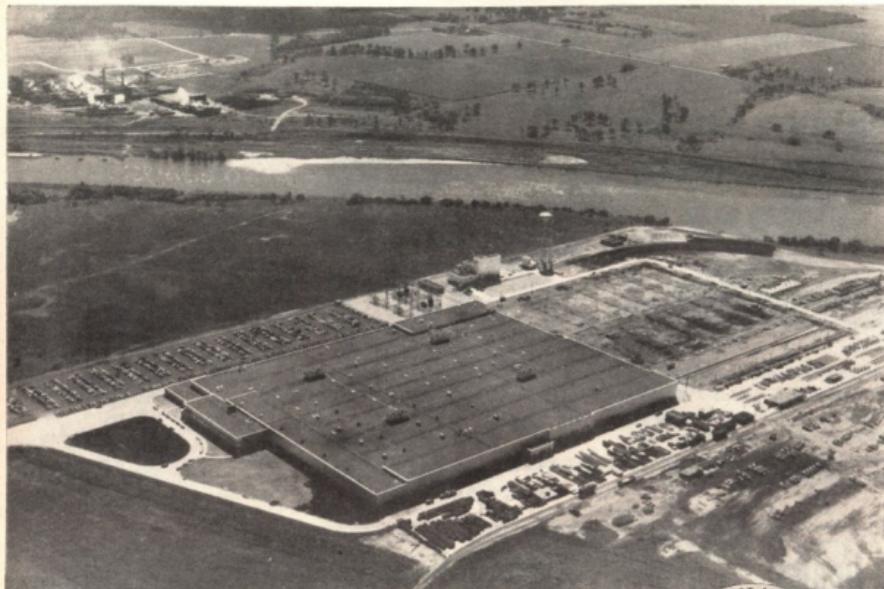
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buried in such a pile-up of broken illusions that the movie looks like a put-up job. Football brings him fleeting glory, leaves him no time to study, wins him only the snooty tolerance of Jackson's aristocrats and (until the fadeout) the well-born girl (Donna Reed) he loves. It crushes his body and his self-respect to feed the ambitions of a string-pulling alumnus (Sidney Blackmer) and a coach (Otto Hulett) with the face and temperament of a Gestapo man.

Yet, for all its excesses, *Saturday's Hero* is Hollywood's most authentic approach to football, and illustrates the game itself with a hurtling camera that absorbs the bone-crunching punishment of scrimmage and play. Hero Derek wears a clumsy crew cut, which does not quite keep him from looking too pretty for his role, and a monotonous expression of intensity, which does not quite pass for acting. The film's most natural performer: Aldo DaRe (named John Harrison for future film roles), as a wised-up team-mate who is out for all the dough he can get.

CURRENT & CHOICE

An American in Paris. A buoyant, imaginative musical, as hard to resist as its George Gershwin score; with Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Red Badge of Courage. Stephen Crane's classic Civil War novel, handsomely translated by Writer-Director John Huston into one of the best war films ever made; with Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin (TIME, Oct. 8).

The Day the Earth Stood Still. Science-fiction, combining a glimpse of futuristic marvels with a thoughtful look at the seedy old earth of 1951; with Michael Rennie (TIME, Oct. 1).

The River. Director Jean Renoir's sensitive story of an English girl growing into adolescence beside a holy river in India; based on Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel (TIME, Sept. 24).

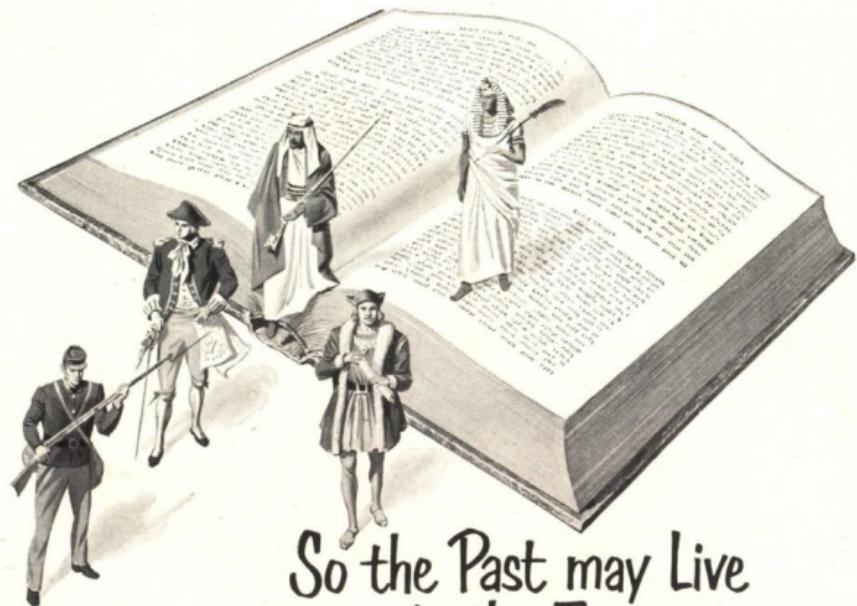
A Streetcar Named Desire. An unvarnished adaptation of Tennessee Williams' prizewinning Broadway hit; with Marlon Brando, Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter (TIME, Sept. 17).

People Will Talk. Scripter-Director Joseph L. (All About Eve) Mankiewicz needles the medical profession in his latest comedy of U.S. manners & morals; with Cary Grant and Jeanne Crain (TIME, Sept. 17).

A Place in the Sun. Producer-Director George Stevens' masterly version of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*; with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters (TIME, Sept. 10).

Pickup. In his debut as a Hollywood moviemaker, Czech-born Hugo Haas directs and stars in a tense, unpretentious drama about a middle-aged railroad watchman and the floozy he marries (TIME, Aug. 27).

The Whistle at Eaton Falls. Producer Louis de Rochemont uses true incidents to tell a provocative story of labor-management relations, and takes a sympathetic look at the thorny problems of both sides (TIME, Aug. 13).



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BOOKS

Central Pacific Spectacle

ALEUTIANS, GILBERTS AND MARSHALLS (353 pp.)—Samuel Eliot Morison—Little, Brown (\$6).

Off (64) Sam Morison just keeps rollin' along, writing the most fascinating serial about World War II that anybody has yet, with the single exception of Winston Churchill. *Aleutians, Gilberts and Marshalls* is Volume VII in Morison's history of U.S. naval operations in World War II, and marks the halfway mark in the Harvard professor's long literary voyage. "Now that the outward passage is ended," he says comfortably, "we shall be homeward bound shortly." After Volume XIV, tentatively titled *The Liquidation of the Japanese Empire*, Morison expects to put into port at 71, a reasonable retirement age for a lean Yankee seafarer (who was officially retired this summer as a reserve rear admiral).

Admiral Morison's new volume begins in the Aleutians, which "might well be called the Theater of Military Frustration." No admiral or general, Japanese or American, won fame in the North Pacific except possibly Rear Admiral "Soc" (for Socrates) McMorris, whose achievement was that he did not lose the naval battle of the Komandorskies—and Morison fails to make much of a case for him (Admiral Hosogaya turned away when he might have murdered McMorris' inferior, crippled force).

At Attu, the desert-trained U.S. soldiers showed little dash, though outnumbering the suicidal Japanese more than four to one. Off Kiska, a naval task force wasted more than 1,000 rounds of 14- and 8-inch shells, shooting at phantoms on their radar screens; after that, Admiral Kinkaid

launched an invasion by 34,426 troops, only to find that the enemy had pulled stakes and cleared out 18 days earlier. After the trigger-happy U.S. soldiers landed in the Kiska fog, they began shooting at each other, killing 25 and wounding 31.

The *Coral Seeded*. Volume VII was to have been called "The Conquest of Micronesia"; Morison had to put the reconquest of the Aleutians in somewhere, and his present gazetteer title was the result. But once he washes his hands of the melted snow of the North, Morison launches into the great drive across the Central Pacific, beginning in the Gilberts. Here was the testing ground for all future amphibious operations, the *sine qua non* of Japan's defeat.

At Tarawa (November 1943), the naval bombardment was not accurate or heavy enough; preliminary air bombing was poorly executed; amphibious tractors were too few, and unarmed. So the 2nd Marine Division had to wade through 500 yards of Japanese machine-gun fire to the bloodiest beachhead in the Corps' 176-year history. This they did, Morison gives the back of his hand to General Holland Smith, who says of his own troops' victory: "Tarawa was a mistake," claiming that the Marshalls should have been invaded first.

Of the thousand marines who died in Tarawa's 76 hours Morison says convincingly: "Not one died in vain, nor did the 2,101 men wounded in action and who recovered, suffer in vain. Every man there, lost or maimed, saved at least ten of his countrymen as the Navy plunged deep into enemy waters and sailed irresistibly through Micronesia. All honor, then, to the fighting heart of the United States Marine. Let that small stretch of coral sand . . . be remembered as terrible in-
vaded first.



Robert W. Kelley—Life
HISTORIAN MORISON
Homeward bound.

deed, but glorious, and the seedbed for victory in 1945."

The next plunge proved that the lessons of Tarawa had been learned well. This time, Kwajalein atoll was devastated by five times the weight of steel that Tarawa received, and "even 'Howling Mad' Smith loved the Navy—for a few days." Twice as many Japanese were killed at a cost of one-third as many marines and soldiers. "A well-executed amphibious operation is as beautiful a military spectacle as one can find in modern warfare," says Morison.

The Twin Weapons. Sam Morison writes with grace—and without ham-handed politeness. Inter-service etiquette bothers him not at all. The soldiers at Makin were "miserably slow," and their fellows from the same division (the 27th) at Eniwetok were "all right but their training and leadership alike were poor." On the other hand, the 7th Division profited from Attu and was smart in the Marshalls.

In Micronesia, the aircraft carrier came of age. Whereas the Americans were reduced to one flattop in the Solomons in late 1942, they took 16 to the Marshalls in early 1944. Two weeks after Kwajalein, Admiral Marc Mitscher's Task Force 58 smothered the great base at Truk with 568 planes, and sank 200,000 tons of shipping (biggest single day of the war). The Navy, abetted by U.S. industry, had found—in amphibious expertise and carrier proficiency—the twin weapons that would lead to victory.

The Free French

THE BLESSING (305 pp.)—Nancy Mitford—Random House (\$3).

Nancy Mitford's favorite characters have the candor and abruptness of people well into their third or fourth glass of champagne. The hero of *The Blessing*, Airman Charles-Edouard de Valhubert, of



U.S. MARINES AT TARAWA
Not one died in vain.

U.S. Marine Corps



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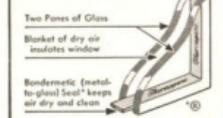


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A Fouled-up



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the Free French, is clearly one of Novelist Mitford's favorites. He is, in fact, a woman's dream come true: handsome, rich, brave as a lion, bewitching as a magician. It is thus a serious tactical error when the unimaginative Hughie Falgrave invites Charles-Edouard to look up his fiancée, Grace, in London.

"So I looked up," Charles-Edouard cheerfully explains to Grace soon after, adding: "So perhaps on Wednesday?"

"Wednesday what?" asks Grace.

"The marriage?" says Charles-Edouard. "I will now go and call on your father."

"Hughie ought to have married her before he went away," says Grace's father crossly. "He leaves a position utterly undefended. He can't be surprised if it falls into—well, Allied hands."

Seven Long Years. Little Sigismund is born a year later. "Such a funny sort of name," protests his English nanny. "I don't care to say it in the street, makes people look round."

"I think he's a blessing," says Grace.

She has the blessing all to herself for seven years, for the gallant Charles-Edouard goes off to the wars, and it is a good year or so after V-E day before he turns up in Britain again. Then he sweeps Grace, little Sigi and Nanny off to a new life in France.

Grace is impressed and reassured when she meets his dowdy, aristocratic aunts. They beg her to sit down and tell them all about recent English literature. The shock comes when Charles-Edouard ushers Grace into Paris society. Titled beauties, their faces "gaily painted with no attempt at simulating nature," flow through the salons in a kaleidoscope of crinolines, jewels, naked shoulders and almost naked bosoms, leaving warm waves of scent behind them.

"Are you still in love with Albertine?" a deaf old crone roars to Charles-Edouard.

He seizes her ebony ear trumpet and bellows back, "No! I'm married now and I have a child of seven."

"So I heard. But what has that to do with it?"

A Good Meringue. Everyone adores little Sigi. When he asks to take a toy to bed, there are trills of laughter. "But this child is his father over again," gurgles lovely Albertine. "The moment he sees something pretty he wants to take it to bed with him."

"A little life of your own," Charles-Edouard's grandmother advises Grace, "will never be held against you [in France], so long as you always put your husband first." But Grace pines and rages, and at last takes the boat for England. "Are you divorced?" asks Sigi hopefully. "Georgie . . . says it's an awfully good idea . . . His Mummy and Daddy have both married again, so he's got two of each now, and he says the new ones are . . . really better."

It takes Author Mitford a lot of maneuvering to outwit Sigi's determination to have at least as many fathers as Georgie. If, in the last few rounds, the Mitford inventive power shows signs of



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weariness, this is no doubt due to her having fought the early ones with so much carefree audacity. *The Blessing* is her seventh, and best, novel (runners-up: *Pursuit of Love*, *Love in a Cold Climate*), and its overall gaiety more than makes up for the fact that its British nannies, French lovers, ECA Americans, etc. are



NOVELIST MITFORD
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not so much fresh creations as types lifted easily from well-known hooks.

In an age when very few good novelists even try to be debonair, Nancy Mitford brings it off. *The Blessing* has as much weightiness and social significance as a good meringue.

Mt. Vernon to Valley Forge

GEORGE WASHINGTON [Vols. III & IV, 1,336 pp.]—Douglas Southall Freeman—Scribner (\$15).

Just before Christmas 1758, George Washington, 26, late colonel of militia in the French & Indian War, went home to Mt. Vernon. He had fought well; now he could settle down to the life he was meant for, the easy rounds of a well-to-do Virginian planter. His married a comely widow named Martha Custis, took on the responsibility of two stepchildren, and began thinking about improving his estate and buying more land.

A Virginian described him in a letter: "Straight as an Indian, measuring 6 ft. 2 in. in his stockings, and weighing 175 lbs. . . . His frame is padded with well-developed muscles, indicating great strength. His bones and joints are large . . . A pleasing and benevolent air, a commanding countenance . . . Impressive looking, but not obviously stamped with greatness.

This is the point at which Pulitzer Prizewinner Douglas Southall Freeman (*R. E. Lee, Lee's Lieutenants*) picks up Vol. III of his definitive biography. Like Freeman's first two volumes, it contains



Moving the Round Stuff

By Stewart Holbrook

ONCE UPON A TIME the motive power at the Simpson Logging Company was oxen, called bullock teams. Fifty-odd years later Simpson uses three distinct means of transportation to move its annual output of 100 million feet of logs. Tractors, crawling around the rough mountain terrain, take the sticks from stump to landing. A fleet of trucks speeds them to the railhead. Here they are put aboard cars, and away they go on the long haul to the log-pond.

Bullock teams were a colorful sight. Urged by bearded drivers of great and persuasive voice, the animals leaned to their yokes and swayed down the well-greased skid-road, the big logs heaving majestically in their wake like so many Leviathans of the woods.

Today, Simpson's railroad is one of the great sights in all Western Washington. Each of the eight locomotives, handsome with orange and green trim, is named for a pioneer employee. A train of 40 cars piled high with fir and hemlock winds 42 miles through the tremendous forest. It threads deep canyons, crosses roaring mountain streams on high trestles, and runs along the shores of lakes hidden in deep shadow. Deer and elk watch it pass. So do bears. When the classic Mikado engine goes by the logging camp, and lets go a mighty blast of steam in salute, I like to think that the sound, echoing over much of three counties, pricks up the ears of some cougar far back in the hills.

At last, her bell ringing, the train rolls through Shelton, and the logs soon go thundering into the bay, sweet music to the men in the mills, telling them the log-pond is full of the Round Stuff that keeps the wheels turning.

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If you enjoyed Holbrook's "wood-pile" book, you'll like this booklet, a newly printed picture-booklet. It contains 32 pages of pictures showing logging, lumbering and manufacturing operations in the forests of Washington and Northern California. It is free for the asking. Write to Simpson Logging Co., 1065 Stuart Building, Seattle 1, Wash.



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"Here's why I've changed my mind!"

"Sure, I used to think it wouldn't do any harm to have the government run the electric business. But I've changed my mind. Because when government meddles too much in any business, you get socialism. And who'd want to leave a socialistic U.S.A. to his kids?"

Mister, millions of others have changed their minds as you did on this question of government in the electric light and power business. According to a 1951 nationwide poll, a majority of American men and women today oppose government

ownership and operation of electric power.

One big reason is that, when government steps into and takes over the electric business—or any business—that's socialism. And most Americans don't want it.

What's more, America's power needs have been well filled by the nation's business-managed electric light and power companies. They've more than doubled the supply of electric power since Pearl Harbor. And more is on the way.

When government competes against these companies, millions of

tax dollars and huge amounts of vitally needed materials are wasted. Most people would much rather see these tax dollars spent on the arms and other things America needs to make it strong. This is no time, they agree, to waste either money or material on socialistic experiments.

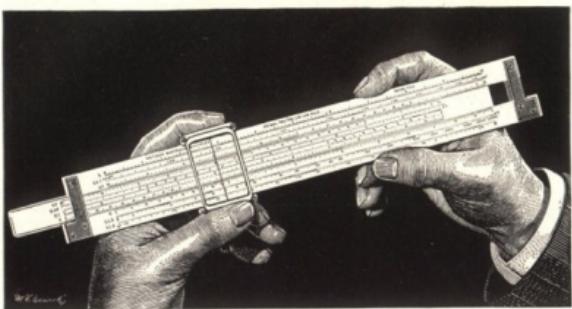
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The *business*-managed, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies* publish this message to remind everyone that tax money shouldn't be spent on socialistic federal power projects that this country neither wants nor needs.

• "MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—CBS—Sundays—9 P.M., Eastern Time.

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more facts about Washington than any one has ever squeezed between boards before, and more than most readers are likely to digest. Originally planned for six volumes, the work has swollen to eight. Biographer Freeman expects to finish in 1954, ten years after he began.

Wine from Lisbon. Pastoral, warm, gracious—so flowed life in Mt. Vernon. Washington overextended himself in land and fell in debt for a while. But he skillfully rotated his crops at Mt. Vernon, grew wheat when others were growing tobacco, and kept on prospering. He was able to ride in a coach & six and to lay down in his cellar pipes of fine Madeira and the "best Lisbon wine."

He had his share of parental troubles. Patsy Custis was a sick girl, subject to fits—she died at 17. Young John Custis, spoiled by a worshiping mama, ran to laziness; he preferred race horses and fancy clothes to studying at King's College in New York. With grim patience, his step-father tried to set the boy right.

Washington won a seat in Virginia's House of Burgesses, but he had little gift for shining. He was a poor speaker and slow in debate; his prose was clubfooted. But he was a solid man whose word was respected. When New England patriots began to roar about the British Stamp Act, he urged caution. He hoped for a compromise even after the fighting began—and he was man enough to admit his original doubts later, after he saw that the revolution would have to be fought to the end.

Keeping his camera at a respectful distance, Freeman has photographed Washington's 16 years of peace in such overwhelming and sometimes indiscriminate detail that Vol. III often makes sluggish reading. But when he plunges into the war in Vol. IV, and takes Washington through the winter at Valley Forge, he writes with steam and fire. A bit pedestrian as a portrait of character, Freeman handles military matters with rousing zest and precision.

Lesson from Lord Howe. "Remember," said a tearful Washington to Patrick Henry, "what I tell you now: from the day I enter upon the command of the American armies, I date my fall, and the ruin of my reputation." It seemed, for a time, that he was right. Lacking the experience to command an army, Washington often blundered during the first years of the war. In the battle of Long Island he was outclassed and taught a lesson by the British under Lord Howe; his prolonged hesitations cost the Americans New York.

These were his months of travail. Plagued by shortages of food, ammunition and clothing, his army parlayed by short-term enlistments, his officers inexperienced and often rank-crazy, his pleas for discipline and help ignored by the Continental Congress, Washington kept the revolutionary army together through the binding power of his will. With experience, he became an able commander, but on the whole, says Freeman, Washington was "one-tenth field commander and nine-tenths administrator. His prime duty was

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not to kill the British but to keep the American army alive."

News from Versailles. His contemporaries began to sense a rare man. Wrote shrewd Abigail Adams to her husband John: "You had prepared me to entertain a favorable opinion of General Washington, but I thought the half was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacency, the gentleman and soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face." And later, from the army's Morristown camp, another lady marked his lighter attractions. On the days when there was no bad news, she wrote, Washington would go riding in the evening and become a "chatty, agreeable companion—he can be downright impudent sometimes—such impudence, Fanny, as you and I like . . ."

Vol. IV of *George Washington* ends in the spring of 1778, with the army breaking camp at Valley Forge. The terrible winter was over, but would there be another summer of running away from stronger British forces? Washington had full reason to think so until the messengers arrived, that afternoon of April 30, with news from Versailles: France had recognized the United States of America, and the revolution had a friend in the world.

RECENT & READABLE

Mister Johnson, by Joyce Cary. A fresh and exuberant story of the rise & fall of a Nigerian career man; close to Author Cary's brilliant best (*TIME*, Oct. 8).

Melville Goodwin, U.S.A., by John P. Marquand. Two more Marquand males—this time a general and a news broadcaster—find the flavor of success mixed with the taste of ashes (*TIME*, Oct. 1).

The Conduct of Life, by Lewis Mumford. Humanist Mumford weighs modern life, finds it wanting, and prescribes individual rules for regeneration; Vol. IV of a tetralogy which began with *Technics and Civilization* (*TIME*, Oct. 1).

Requiem for a Nun, by William Faulkner. The Nobel Prizewinner returns to the characters of *Sanctuary* (1931), reports them older, sadder, a little wiser, with an outside chance of saving their souls (*TIME*, Sept. 24).

The Rise and Fall of Hermann Goering, by Willi Frischauer. The all but incredible story of one of the most energetic moral relativists of the 20th Century; popular biography at its best (*TIME*, Sept. 24).

Shadows Move Among Them, by Edgar Mittelholzer. Uninhabited high jinks about a singularly unorthodox missionary in British Guiana, somewhat befogged by the suggestion that the high jinks add up to ethical utopia (*TIME*, Sept. 17).

The Holy Sinner, by Thomas Mann. A medieval version of the Oedipus legend with a happy ending; retold with affectionate irony and a new twist or two (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

Lie Down in Darkness, by William Styron. Decay and aimlessness in country-club Virginia; a first novel by a 26-year-old Southerner who writes well if not refreshingly (*TIME*, Sept. 10).

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Indeed, the importance of this new and economical source of nitrogen fertilizers can hardly be over-estimated. It literally means new life for the world's land — making possible more grains and meat, more clothing, more materials for industry, at low cost. Small wonder that although Lion produces hundreds of tons daily on a round-the-clock schedule, saturation of the market is not even remotely visible.

This is just one more example of how Lion Oil, through the new science of petro-chemistry, is using the rich organic materials in petroleum and natural gas to develop new and basic products for America . . . and in so doing, is building great new markets for itself.



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Segregation. In Palmyra, Neb., Grocer A. H. Weatherhogg printed "Democrat" on one of the benches in front of his store, "Republican" on the other.

Follow-Up. In Chicago, after Edward Steinberg received a \$235 check from an insurance company to cover the loss of goods stolen from his shop, someone robbed him of the check.

All's Fair. In Los Angeles, after LaVon Peter refused to kiss her fiancé, Harry Bateson, she charged that he was ruining her business by forbidding the students in his horticultural school to enter her restaurant.

Purist. In Beaminster, England, Peter Tunstall was fined \$5.60 for "malicious damage" after he uprooted a signpost that read "Drive Slow," wrote on it: "Discussed at this display of bad English. Please rewrite and re-erect."

Halfway House. In St. Joseph, Mo., a group of Buchanan County residents protested that a house that had been moved to the middle of a backwoods road five years ago was still standing there.

Nest of Sin. In Queens, N.Y., William Munch, 68, who was arrested for growing marijuanna, explained that he mixed it with birdseed to improve the singing of his 280 pet canaries.

Name Dropper. In El Paso, after applying for U.S. citizenship, Ng Wah Yee changed his name to Chan You Ng.

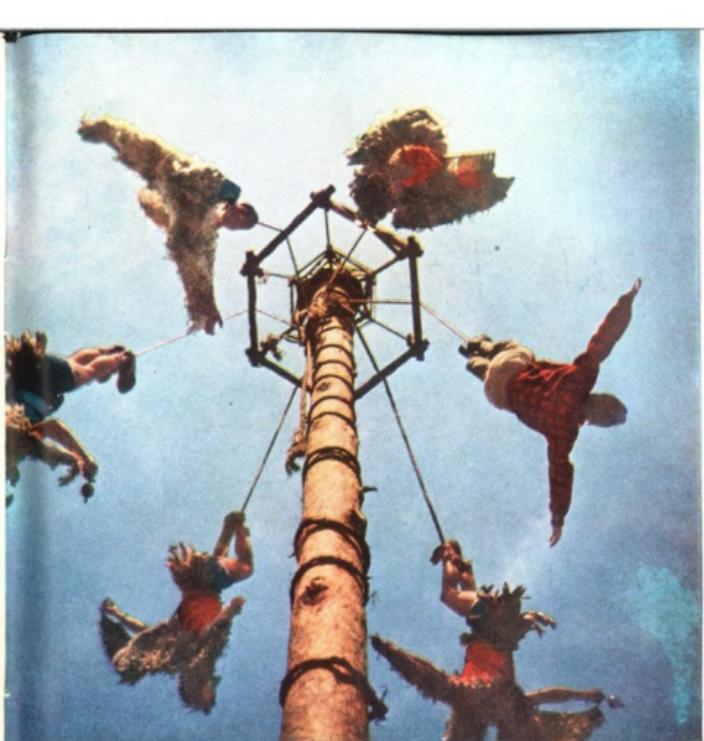
Heretic. In Chicago, John Valt, 47, persuaded his wife to drop her divorce suit by agreeing to do all the floor scrubbing and other heavy housework.

Return Engagement. In Toronto, a burglar kicked in the window of a radio showroom, cut his leg, went to a hospital for treatment, returned to the radio shop, made off with a radio, a phonograph, several dozen records.

Connoisseur. In Albuquerque, N.Mex., the proprietor of the Typewriter Service Co. discovered that the check a customer used to pay for a new check-writing machine was a forgery.

R.I.P. In Atlantic City, N.J., at its annual meeting, the American Cemetery Association announced that there is enough cemetery space in the U.S. to last 200 years.

Courtesy of the Road. Near Port Wing, Wis., Motorist Vernon Anderson pulled to a stop, flagged down the car behind him, frantically told its occupants that his wife was about to have a baby, relaxed when a druggist, an obstetrician and two other doctors got out to lend a hand.



Life hangs by a thread
on this **Mexican Maypole**

1 "Trapeze flying is kid stuff compared to the pole dance of Mexico's Otomi Indians. I've tried both," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "When I joined the Otomi in their 400-year-old aerial act, I didn't know these 'bird-men' sometimes end in crash landings..."



2 "Toted down from the high Sierras, the tree trunk for the dance-pole measured 80 feet. I helped plant it in a 10-foot hole. Next day, with five feather-decked dancers, I clambered up the vine-wrapped pole.



3 "At the top, each Indian did a nimble dance. Then, all together, we dropped into space! I felt the pole give a mighty shudder. Then, as the ropes coiled at the top of the pole unwound, we whirled upside down in widening circles—down toward the roots of Huauhchinango..."

5 "Even the Otomi aren't sure how their dance began. One thing is sure—in Mexico, as nearly everywhere, *the best in the house* is Canadian Club."

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4 "Two breathless minutes later, safe on the ground, we got a hero's reception. My own big welcome came when a nearby cafe served me Canadian Club!



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Tossed Green Salad with blue cheese dressing

Hot Corn Bread

Watermelon Pickles

Individual Pumpkin-pecan Pies

Coffee

HORMEL CHILI CON CARNE

not too hot...not too mild...just right!

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

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